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Appears to be contributed to Gretz by Dalrymple.

(F)

DALRYMPLE

MORE KUNSONGS BY THE SEA



INTRODUCTION

This songbook, unlike the earlier KUNSONGS BY THE SEA, is meant more as a documentary than a bar-room reference. Its theme is to portray the ways in which other men in other times have vented their frustrations, soothed their fears, and warded off their loneliness. This book is divided into five parts, with the first four sections covering the four outbreaks of war in the twentieth century: World War I & II, the Korean War, and the VietNam Conflict. In each of these sections, I have attempted to place only those songs that originated during or shortly after each respective war. Thus, in this manner we may readily perceive the state of mind of the song writers as they put their feelings to music. Although the aircraft sung about range from the Sopwith Camel to the F-111 Aardvark, the underlying emotions are always the same: the joy of slipping freely through the boundless sea of air; the pride of being America's best; the sadness of remembering friends who died before their time; and the unspoken thought that you, too, may be the next to go. If this book is successful in conveying those feelings to the reader, then all the credit is due to the outstanding people who helped me make this volume possible.

On a purely personal note, I wish to thank all those who have made my tour at the "Kun" one of the most rewarding and fruitful years I've spent in the Air Force. My memories of the "Kun" will always be filled with pleasant thoughts of the heart-warming camaraderie that exists here.

Oh, I almost forgot to mention that the fifth and final section of the songbook is composed entirely of songs of questionable moral value, i.e., obscene and profane. They are presented solely for your entertainment, so grab a drink and EVERYBODY SING.

Slithen

KUNSAN AB, KOREA
16 May 1977

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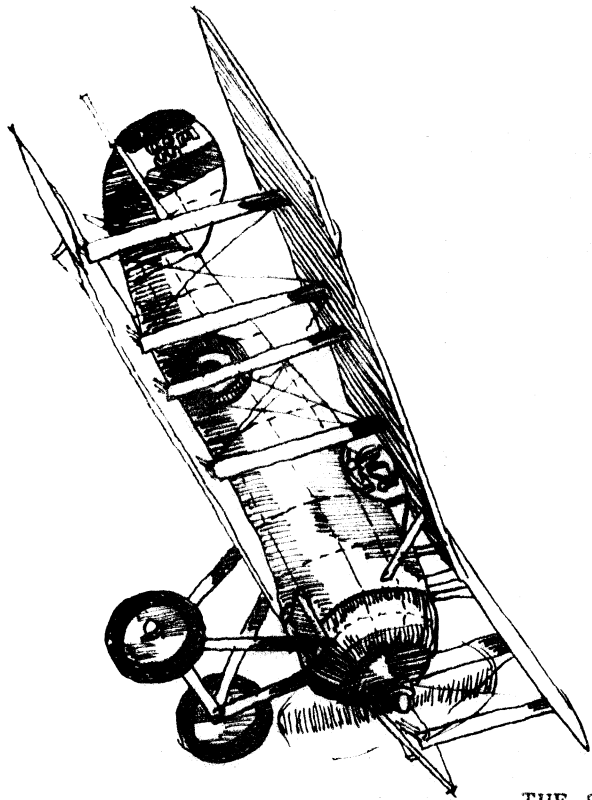
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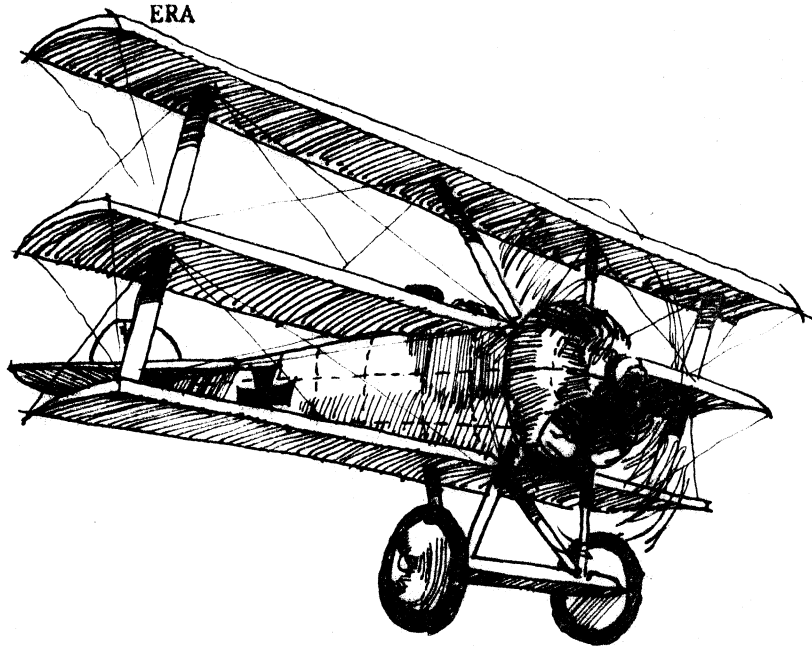
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THE SONGS
OF
THE
WORLD WAR I
ERA



BESIDE A BELGIAN 'STAMINET

Beside a Belgian 'staminet,
When the smoke had cleared away,
Beneath a busted Camel,
A fighter pilot lay.

His throat was cut by the bracing wire,
The tank had hit his head;
Coughing a spray of dental work,
These are the words he said:

"Oh, I'm going to a better land-
They jazz there every night;
Bourbon grows on the bushes,
So everyone stays tight.

"They've torn up all the calendars,
They 've busted all the clocks;
And little drops of whiskey
Come trickling down the rocks."

The pilot breathed these last few words
Before he passed away:
"Now let me tell you how it happened-
My flippers wouldn't stay.

"The engine wouldn't hit at all,
The struts were far too few;
A bullet hit the gas tank,
And the gas came leaking through.

"Oh, I'm going to a better land,
Where the engines always run,
Where eggnogs grow on eggplants,
And the pilots grow a Bun.

"They've got no Sops, they've got no Spads,
They've got no Flaming Fours;
And great big frosted juleps
Are served free in all the stores."



A POOR AVIATOR LAY DYING

A poor aviator lay dying,
At the end of a bright summer day;
His comrades had gathered around him
To carry his pieces away.

The aircraft was stacked on his wishbone,
His machine gun was wrapped 'round his head;
A spark plug he wore on each elbow,
It was plain he'd quickly be dead.

He spit out a valve and some gaskets,
And stirred in the sump where he lay;
To mechanics who 'round him came sighing,
These are the brave words he did say:

"Take the magneto out of my stomach,
And the butterfly valve off my neck;
Tear from my liver the crankshaft-
There's a lot of good parts in this wreck.

"Take the manifold out of my left eye,
And the cylinders out of my brain;
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys,
And assemble the engine again."



KELLY FIELD SONG (Dixie)

Said an aviator to a fighter:
"Come along, get a Germinator.
Come along, get a gun,
Get a Hun - atta boy!"

CHORUS: "We're on our way to Berlin,
Hooray! Hooray!
Old German-town, we'll tear it down.
Come along, come along,
Come along, oh, aviator!"

"We're all healthy, fat, and clammy,
We'll go to Hell for our Uncle Sammy.
Come along, get a gun,
Get a Hun - atta boy!"

THE BIG BLACK HEARSE

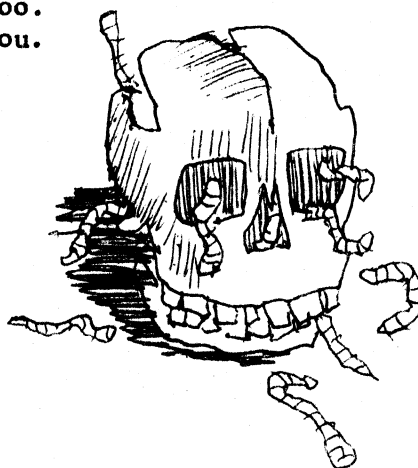
That big black hearse goes rolling by,
And you don't know whether to laugh or cry;
For you know that someday it'll get you, too,
That its very next load may consist of you.

Have you ever thought as that hearse rolls by
That one of these days you'll surely die?
That they'll take you away in that big black hearse;
That they'll bury you deep so you'll never come back?

They'll take you out and they'll lower you down,
And men with shovels will gather around;
They'll push in dirt and they'll shovel in rocks,
And they won't give a damn if they break your box.

The worms crawl in and the worms crawl out,
They crawl all over your chin and your mouth;
They call in their friends and their relatives, too.
You'll look like hell when they're through with you.

Your eyes'll drop out and your teeth'll fall in,
As the worms crawl up your mouth and chin.
The worms crawl out and the worms crawl in,
And your limbs will drop off of you limb by limb.



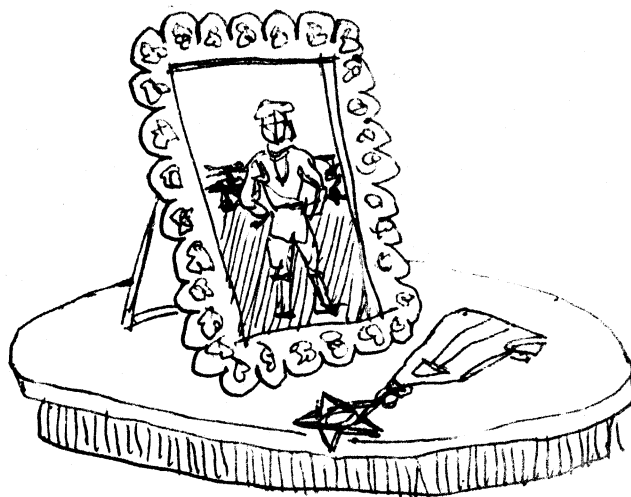
I WANT TO GO HOME

I want to go home! I want to go home!
The bullets do whistle, the whiz-bangs do roar,
I don't want to stay here any more.
Take me over that sea where the Krauts can't get at me.
Oh, my, I'm too young to die!
I just wanna go home.

I want to go home! I want to go home!
The gas tank is leaking, the engine is dead,
The pilot is trying to stand on his head.
Take me back to the ground, I don't want to fly upside down!
Oh, my, I'm too young to die!
I just wanna go home.

MOTHER, PUT OUT YOUR SERVICE STAR
(My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

Oh, Mother, put out your service star,
Your son's going up in a Sop.
The wings are weak, the tank is a-leak,
She's got a wobbly prop;
The motor's junk, the pilot's drunk,
He's sure to take a flop;
So, Mother, put up your service star,
Your son's going up in a Sop.



ROTC

Oh, take down your service flag, Mother,
Your son is as safe as can be.
Oh, take down your service flag, Mother,
Your son's in the R O T C ...

CHORUS: R...O...R...O...
Your son's in the R O T C...T C.
R...O...R...O...
Your son's in the R O T C.

MESS-KIT BLUES

*(I'll be down to get you in
a taxi' honey)*

I'll be down to meet you with my pick and shovel,
We'll wander down to that old gravel pit,
And it will take some grit to get there
When the Sergeant starts in callin'.
And then we'll get our mess kits, sonny,
And fall right in at the head of the line;
When we've mixed them beans and stews,
Why, we'll sing them mess-kit blues,
Tomorrow night at the mess-hall cabaret.



MY WILD-EYED CADET
(My Wild Irish Rose)

My wild-eyed cadet,
He ain't learned nothing yet.
He noses her down,
When close to the ground,
My wild-eyed cadet.

If he lives, we'll all give thanks,
For I hear drums beating low,
And men marching slow,
For my wild-eyed cadet.

THAT'S ME
(I'm a Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech)

The Colonel calls the Major,
When he wants something done;
The Major calls the Captain,
And starts him on the run.

The Captain then gets busy,
To do a job that'll suit,
By dropping the entire load
On a fly-boy Second Lieut.

The Second Looie ponders,
And strokes his hairless jaw;
Then calls the trusty Sergeant,
And sure lays down the law.

The Sergeant calls the Corporal,
To tell him what's to be;
The Corporal calls the Private-
And that poor sap is me!

LOOK AT THE EARS ON HIM

I heard they wanted men to fight as aviators bold,
So I want down, held up my hand, and this is what they told:
"You'll go to Kelly Field and learn to navigate the sky."
When I got there, I was SOL and this is how I fly:

CHORUS: "Look at the ears on him, on him,
Oh, how did you get that way?"
That was the greeting I received when I marched in today.

First, they put me into the kitchen, KP was my name,
I wrote my girl that I was a flier.
Gee, but I'm a wonderful liar,
"Look at the ears on him, on him.
Oh, how did you get that way?"
That is the only battle cry I hear both night and day.
If I'm to fight in this great war and end the Kaiser's reign.
They'd better take me off kettles and pans,
And give me an aeroplane.

CHORUS

I've peeled a million spuds since I've been in this flying game,
I've swung a pick and shovel till my weary back is lame,
I've navigated lots of ground but nary an inch of sky,
And when I ask about aeroplanes, I hear the same old cry:

CHORUS

WW II

THE CO-PILOT'S LAMENT

I'm the co-pilot, I sit on the right,
It's up to me to be quick - and right,
I never talk back, or I'll have regrets,
And I must remember what the Captain forgets.

I make out the flight plan and study the weather,
Pull up the gear and stand by to feather,
Make out the mail forms and do the reporting,
And fly the old crate when the Captain is snoring.



I take the readings and adjust the power,
Put on the heaters when we're in a shower,
Tell where we are on the darkest night,
And do all the bookwork without any light.

I call for my Captain and buy him Cokes,
I always laugh at his corny jokes,
And once in a while when his landings are rusty,
I come through with, "God, but it's gusty!"

All in all, I'm a general stooge,
As I set to the right of this man Scrooge,
But maybe someday with great understanding,
He'll soften a bit and give me a landing.

BARNACLE BILL, THE PILOT

The Air Corps is the life for me, said Barnacle Bill, the sailor,
I'll jump my ship and leave the sea and be an aviator.
I'll fly so high I'll reach the sky, gravitation I'll defy,
I'll make the people moan and cry, said Barnacle Bill, the sailor,

CHORUS: Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, Pretty soon you'll lose
that grin, Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the
fair young maiden.

I'm rough and tough, I know my stuff, said Bill, the aviator.
I'll fly that ship till I've had enough, said Bill, the aviator.
I know a strut, I know a fin, I know a barrel roll and spin,
I know a prop, I know a stick, and I know an elevator.

CHORUS: You're out of gas and must go down; You're out of gas and
must go down; You're out of gas and must go down, cried the
fair young maiden.

I'm a cockeyed Finn if I'll give in, roared Bill, the aviator,
I'll fight this ship with a flier's grin, roared Bill, the aviator.
He kicked the bar and pulled the stick, which didn't seem to do the trick,
And he hit the ground like a ton of brick, poor Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

CHORUS: Here's some flowers for his grave; Here's some flowers for his
grave; Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair
young maiden.

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

We stand 'neath resounding rafters,
The walls around us are bare,
They echo back our laughter,
It seems that the dead are all there.

CHORUS: Stand to your glasses steady,
This world is a world full of lies.
Here's health to those dead already,
Hurrah for the next man to die.

In flaming Spad and Camel,
With wings of wood and steel,
For mortal stakes we gamble,
With cards that are stacked for the deal.

We loop in the purple twilight,
We spin in the silvery dawn,
With a trail of smoke behind us,
To show where our comrades have gone.

Denied by the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the ones we hold dear,
The good have all gone before us,
And only the dull are still here.

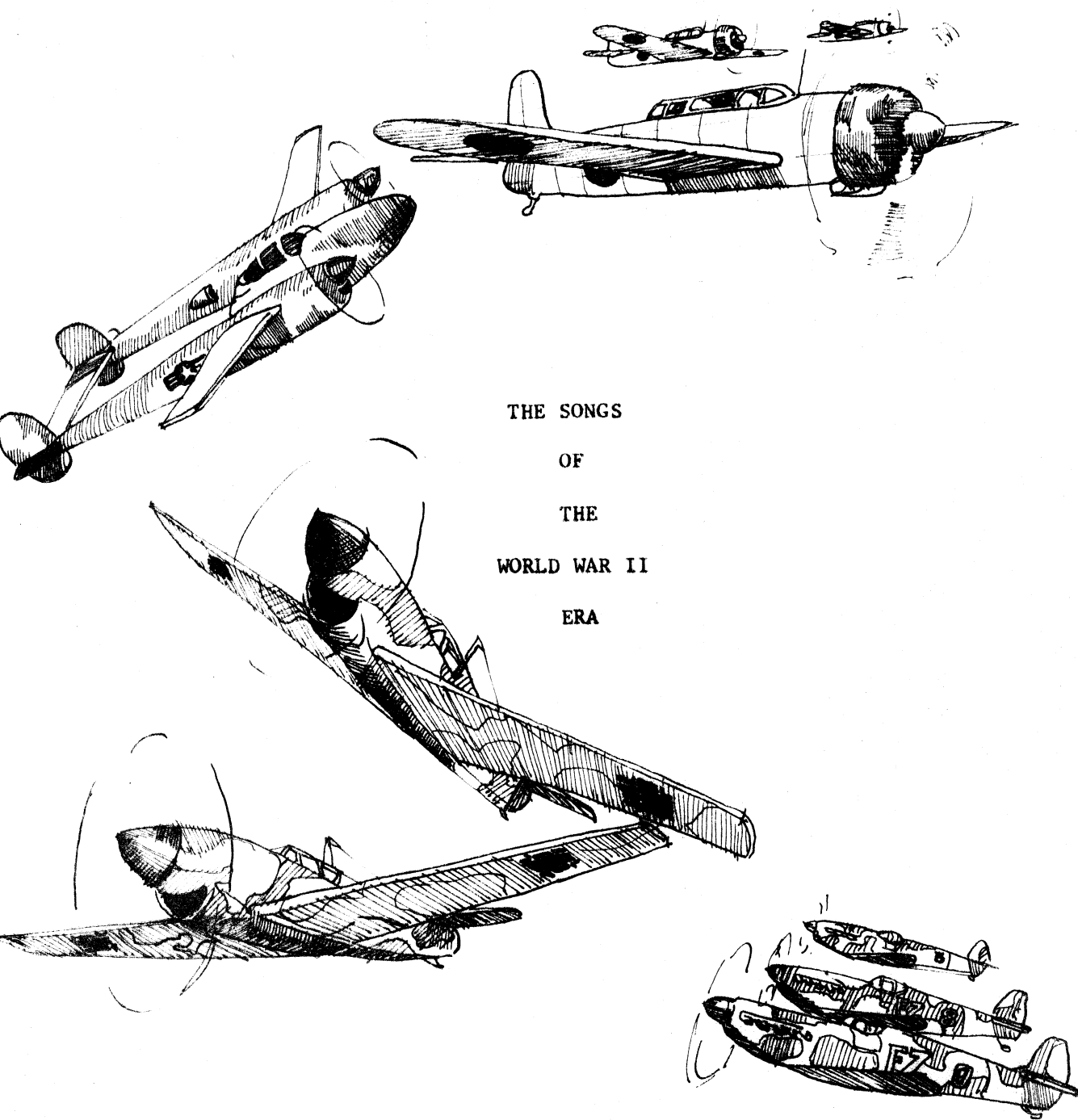


THE KI-WI SONG* (The Old Gray Mare)

Oh, we don't have to fight like the infantry,
Shoot like the artillery,
Ride like the cavalry;
Oh, we don't have to fly over Germany,
For we are the Ki-wi-wi.

We are the Ki-wi-wi,
Yes, we're the Ki-wi-wi.
Oh, we don't have to fight like the infantry,
Shoot like the artillery,
Ride like the cavalry,
Oh, we don't have to fly over Germany,
We are the Ki-wi-wi.

*A Ki-wi was a non-flying officer, i.e., pounder.



THE SONGS
OF
THE
WORLD WAR II
ERA

SAMUEL HALL *

Oh, my name is Samuel Hall, Samuel,
Oh, my name is Samuel Hall,
And I hate you one and all,
You're a lot of muckers all . . . damn your eyes!

Oh, I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said,
Oh, I killed a man 'tis said, for I hit him on the head,
And I left him there for dead . . .
Damn his eyes!

And they put me in the quad, in the quad,
Yes, they put me in the quad with a chain and iron rod,
And they left me there, by God . . .
Damn their eyes!

Oh, the parson he did come, he did come,
Oh, the parson he did come, and he looked so bloody glum,
As he talked of kingdom come . . .
Damn his eyes!

And the sheriff he came too, he came too,
And the sheriff he came too, with his bloody boy in blue,
They've got a hanging job to do . . .
Damn their eyes!

So, it's up the rope I go, up I go,
So, it's up the rope I go with my friends all down below,
Saying, "Sam, I told you so" . . .
Damn their eyes!

Oh, let this be my knell, be my knell,
Oh, let this be my knell, as ye listen to my yell,
Hope to God you sizzle well . . .
Damn your eyes!



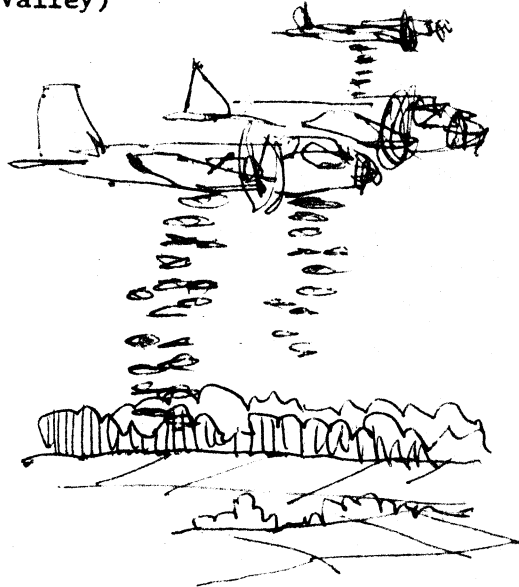
*This song is undoubtedly the song from which the well-known SAMMY SMALL originated. It appears to have been first sung around the time of the Second World War.

DOWN THE RUHR VALLEY
(Down in the Valley)

Down the Ruhr Valley,
Valley so low,
Some chair-borne bastard
Said we must go.

Flak loves big bombers,
Fighters do, too.
P-51 boys,
Where are you?

Write me a letter,
Send it to me,
Send it in care of
Stalag Luft Three.



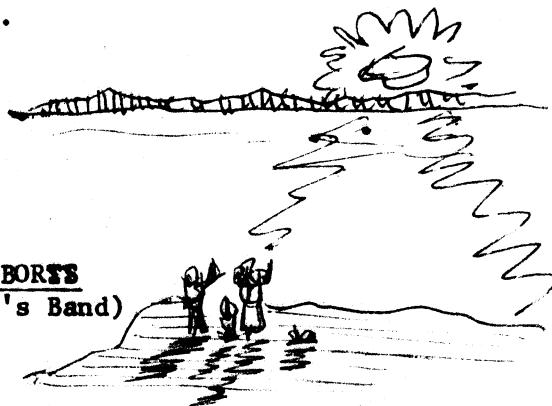
FORTRESS LEAVING CALAIS
(Bless 'Em All)

They say there's a Fortress just leaving Calais,
Bound for old Limey shore.
It's heavily laden with petrified men,
And stiffs who are laid on the floor.
There's many a Heinkel made many a pass,
I saw many a Messerschmitt fall.

They shot off our bollocks,
Shot up our hydraulics,
But cheer up, my lads,
Bless 'em all!

CHORUS: Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall.
Bless all the blondies and all the brunettes,
Each airman is happy to take what he gets.
So we're giving the eye to 'em all,
To those who attract and appall,
Each Sally and Susie,
You can't be too choosy-
So cheer up, my lads,
Bless 'em all!

With six QDM's and some bloody good luck,
 We made the Limey shore,
 The cloud was eleven-tenths,
 Right on the deck,
 And tried bloody hard to be more.
 They dug up a windmill and six thatch-roofed shacks,
 When they traced us back to landfall.
 Now there'll be no promotion,
 This side of the ocean,
 So cheer up, my lads,
 Bless 'em all!



EARLY ABORTS
 (MacNamara's Band)

Oh, my name is Colonel _____,
 And I'm the leader of the Group,
 So gather 'round, you pilots,
 And I'll give you all the poop.
 If you wonder where the Luftwaffe is,
 And all about the flak,
 Don't, for I'm the last one to take off,
 And the first one to get back.

CHORUS: Early aborts, avoid the rush!
 Early aborts, avoid the rush!

Oh, my sister's name is Minnie,
 And she plots the Yankee flights,
 She monitors their radios,
 In daytime and at night.
 She's listened to their corny quips,
 Until she's nearly deaf-
 She's even been propositioned
 Over Yankee VHF.

Oh, my name is "Two-Drawer" _____,
 And I'm just a paddle-foot,
 When the 17's are up, I think the idea's Goot.
 Oh, when the guns begin to blaze away,
 And the flak begins to pound,
 It doesn't bother me at all,
 For I am on the ground.

Oh, my name is Doc _____,
And they call me _____, the quack,
I'll give you a shot of whiskey,
Whenever you get back.
If you should get clap from a toilet seat,
Or syphilis from a glass,
I'll take some penicillin,
And rub it on your ass.

THE PO RIVER VALLEY
(Red River Valley)

To the Po River Valley we're going,
To get us some trains and some tracks,
But if I had my say-so about it,
I'd still be at home in the rack.

Come and sit by my side at the briefing,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu.
To the Po River Valley we're going,
And I'm flying Four in Flight Blue.

We went for to check on the weather,
And they said it was clear as can be.
Now I lost my wingman over the field,
And the rest augered into the sea.

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going,
S-2 said there's no flak no the way,
There's a dark overcast o'er the target.
I'm beginning to doubt what they say.

A Spitfire went by like a whiflwing,
And a Mustang went by like a breeze,
And a C-46 with one feathered
Went by towing three L-3's.

To the Po River Valley we're going,
And many strange sights we will see,
But the one there that held my attention,
Was the flak that they threw up at me.

BIG BOMBER BLUES
(Casey Jones)

Back in Oahu in '42,
Eager beavers, me and you.
Guadalcanal - '43,
Reluctant dragons, you and me.

Espiritu Santo, Fiji and all,
We're behind it - the big eight-ball.
Lizards, flies, mosquitoes, too,
Corned-beef hash and GI stew.

Eight hundred miles out to sea,
Started to sweat that old Number Three;
That goes out, we come down,
Nothin' but ocean all around.

Here I sit, tears in my eye,
Tired of living, too young to die.
Going to Auckland pretty soon,
Get me a woman - howl at the moon.

Striking force out to sea,
Sighted transport - him or me?
We made our run, AA got rough,
On the way home, Zeros got tough.

Pilots can fly, gunners can gun,
Bombardier's busy during the run,
Navigator's got a gun - he shoots, too.
Damn co-pilot's got nothing to do.

Up at Buka the other day,
Fifteen Zeros came out to play.
Down in the turret, both guns jammed-
Started to see that Promised Land.

Six months of action-
Where's my relief?
Sweating each mission
May end in grief.
Waiting for a ship that never comes in.
Waiting for a chance to go out and sin.

If I get back, no more I'll roam.
I'll see my woman and stay at home.
Don't give a damn what you people do-
But, boy, my flying days are really through.

WE MISSED THE TARGET
(Stars and Stripes Forever)

We started to go on a mission,
And they said that it would be visual;
But the cloud cover was ten-tenths,
So we had to use our Mickey sets.
Now, you may think that we missed the target,
Well... (pause)... WE DID!

LIBERATOR BLUES

Now, the Liberator's a very fine airplane,
Constructed of rivets and tin,
With a speed of over two hundred-
The ship with the head wind built in.

Yes, the Liberator is a very fine airplane,
Constructed of paper and wood.
It's OK for lagging whiskey,
But for combat it's no goddamn good.

Oh, if you should fly this old coffin,
Or aircraft of similar ilk,
Whenever you chance to run into trouble,
Remember! - resort to the silk.

Oh, why did I join the Air Force?
Mother, dear Mother, knew best.
Here I lie 'neath the wreckage-
Liberator all over my chest.

Now, if you should go on a mission,
With plenty of money to burn,
Any old crew chief will give you
Ten to one that you'll never return.

And if you should run into trouble,
And don't know just which way to turn,
Just reach up on the dashboard, my boy,
Push the button marked, "Spin, Crash, and Burn!"



THE SAGA OF THE SWEDE
(Utah Carl)

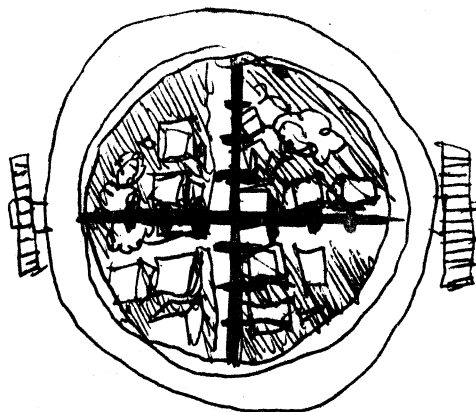
We were going on a mission
And the Swede was on my right,
When the leader made a steep turn to the left.
Oh, the Swede he racked it over,
And he held it in there tight,
But he couldn't hold it there despite his heft.

Oh, the Jerries they did bounce him
As he fell off in a skid.
So I cut back my four throttles
To go back and help the kid.
It was too late when I got there,
He was going down in flame;
And it's lucky that I didn't get the same.

Oh, the Jerries they did bounce him,
And I say this heartfully,
If you will fly your missions,
You won't cut across your knee.
Now you all have heard my story,
It's the saga of the Swede,
And you'll never make a steep turn
When you're flying in the lead.

DON'T SEND MY BOY TO BERLIN

"Don't send my boy to Berlin,"
The dying mother said.
"Don't send my boy to Berlin,
I'd rather see him dead.
For when the flak starts poppin',
With fighters all around.
Don't send my boy to Berlin,
Just keep him on the ground."



I'LL BOMB COLOGNE

I'll bomb Cologne,
With my G-bos and Mickey to guide me,
While there's ten-tenths to hide me-
I'll bomb Cologne.

DRUNKEN PILOT

Oh, what do you do with a drunken pilot?
What do you do with a drunken pilot?
What do you do with a drunken pilot?
So early in the morning.

Put him in the nose of a Fortress bomber.
Put him in the nose of a Fortress bomber.
Put him in the nose of a Fortress bomber,
So early in the morning.

He will bomb the blind and pregnant.
He will bomb the blind and pregnant.
He will bomb the blind and pregnant,
So early in the morning.

He will bomb their homes and churches.
He will bomb their homes and churches.
He will bomb their homes and churches,
So early in the morning.

He will bomb their turnip patches.
He will bomb their turnip patches.
He will bomb their turnip patches,
So early in the morning.

That's what we'll do with a drunken pilot.
That's what we'll do with a drunken pilot.
That's what we'll do with a drunken pilot,
So early in the morning.



THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR-PLATED DESK

Early in the morning,
When the engines start to roar,
You can see the old goat standing
In his Nissen hut-mut door.
He'll be sweating out the take-off,
As he always has before-
Safe behind his armor-plated desk.

CHORUS: "Take 'em off, take 'em off,"
Cries the man from the rear.
"Though the runway's socked in solic,
Still the target may be clear.
You've been here twenty months, boys,
But you've got another year,"
Cries the man behind the armor-plated desk.

When the lead ship starts to shudder,
And the end seems close at hand,
Who is flying on the sofa,
With his headset on "Command"?
Who cries, "Climb up on top, boys,"
With a highball in his hands?
The man behind the armor-plated desk.

When our mission days are over,
And we all go up the drain,
You can look around the airfield,
But your search will be in vain;
For we'll all be at the Mark Top,
Getting drunk and raising Cain,
Like the man behind the armor-plated desk.

Four times he's led us up there,
And he's always led us back.
For he's circled o'er the IP,
As we went in to attack.
He said, "I'm hard, yet fair, men,
But allergic to ack-ack."
The man behind the armor-plated desk.

And when the target's sighted,
Who inspires our attack?
Who says, "Hundreds may go in, lads,
But a few aren't coming back"?
Who says, "We'll disregard the minimum,
When you suppress the flak"?
The man behind the armor-plated desk.

And when the mission's over,
And debriefing there should be,
You can search the whole field over,
But not a pilot will you see.
For they'll all be in the "O" Club,
With a mixed drink in their hand,
Singing, "The Man Behind the Armor-Plated Desk."

"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES

Once there was a barmaid, down in Brewery Lane.
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same.
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be.
He was the cause of all her misery!

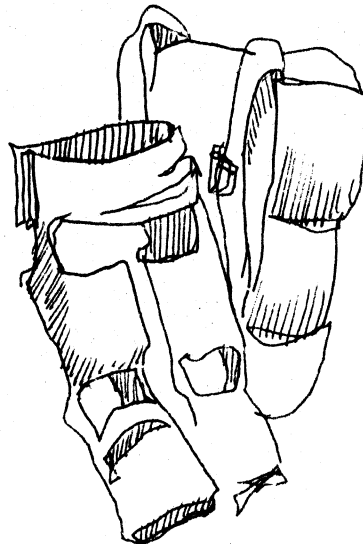
CHORUS: Singing "G" Suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter
Like his daddy used to do!

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head.
She gave it to him willfully and lost her maidenhead.
And she like a silly girl, thinking it no harm,
Climbed in bed beside him, just to keep the pilot warm!

Now in the morning before the break of day,
A five-pound note he handed her, and this to her did say,
"Take this, my darling, for all the harm I've done.
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son.
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair,
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air!"

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see,
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee.
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly,
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by!

CHORUS: Singing "G" Suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
She'll never fly a fighter
Like her daddy used to do!



ODE TO THE B-29 (Whiffenpoof Song)

We are four little fans who have lost our way, GROWR, GROWR, GROWR.
We are four little fans who have gone astray, GROWR, GROWR, GROWR.
One third pilot out on the left, one third pilot out on the right.
"George" is flying with all of his might, GROWR, GROWR, GROWR!!

I'VE GOT SIX-PENCE

I've got six-pence, jolly jolly sixpence.
I've got six-pence, to last me all my life.
I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend,
And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

No cares have I to grieve me.
No pretty girls to deceive me.
I'm happy as a lark, believe me,
As we go rolling, rolling home.

Rolling home, rolling home,
By the light of the silvery moon.
Happy is the day, when the Air Force gets its pay,
As we go rolling, rolling home.

PASDE CALAIS

Now you can send me twice a day
To the Pasde Calais,
But don't ever send me over the Ruhr.
Send me to Paris or a target in France.
Any old place that I might have a chance.
You can send me twice a day
To the Pasde Calais,
But don't send me over the Ruhr.

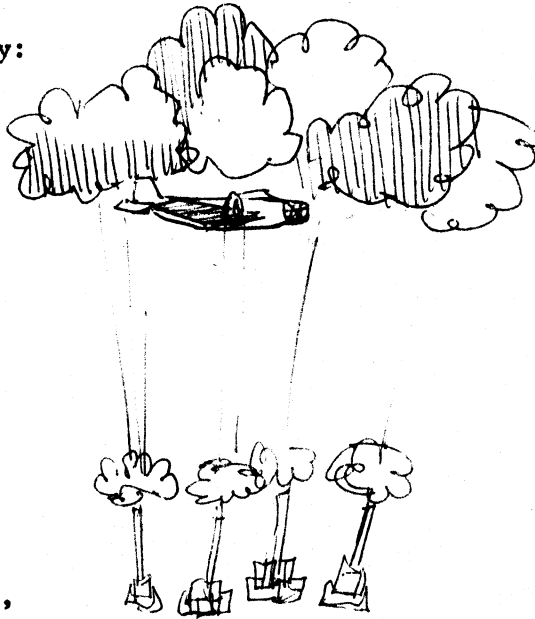
You may think I'm wacky,
But I'm only slightly flaky.
Don't send me over the Ruhr.
Now the alert's on the phone,
The target's Cologne.
My God, that's on the edge of the Ruhr.

Send me to Bremen or old Potsdam town.
Any place you can see through the flak to the ground.
You can send me twice a day
To the Pasde Calais,
But don't send me over the Ruhr.
For even when I'm planning on aborting,
Don't send me over the Ruhr.

FLAK SHOWERS
(April Showers)

Although Flak showers, may come your way.
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say:
My fuel is Josephine, I'm going home.
So if you want to stay and fight, you may
Stay and fight alone.

I've added throttle, I'm on my way.
I'll live to come back some other day.
So keep on strafing that position,
And knock it out for me.
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see?



STRAFERS

When I was a cadet, an innocent lad,
The Chaplain told me the good from the bad,
And of all his words, these were his last,
"Never fly high and never fly fast".

So I joined up the strafers with these words in mind,
And off to New Guinea did go,
But when I got there I was to find,
The strafers fly too gosh darn low...Oh.

We fly o'er the treetops with inches to spare,
There's smoke in the cockpit and grey in our hair.
The tracers look fine as strafing we go,
But brother you're flying just too gosh darn low.

RAIL CUTTERS
(Cold, Cold Heart)

I tried so hard, Wild Bill, to cut
That streak of railroad track,
But I'm afraid that all I did
Was dodge that flying flak.
I know that one is all it takes
To blow my ass apart.
Why can't I get just one rail cut
And melt your cold, cold heart?

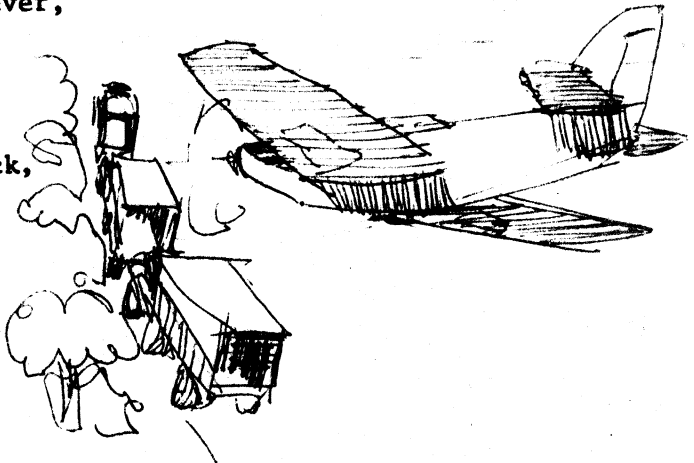
MY DARLING 39
(My Darling Clementine)

In the cockpit of the Cobra,
Trying hard to reach the line.
But alas my engine faltered,
Fare thee well, my 39.

CHORUS: Oh, my darling, Oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling 39.
You are lost and gone forever,
Fare thee well, my 39.

When you're spinning very flatly,
And you've got a worried mind,
That's all brother, hit the jumpsack,
Bid farewell to your 39.

All the brass hats in our Congress,
They have signed the dotted line.
They are lucky they just bought it.
They don't fly the 39.



BOOZIN' BUDDIES

A fighter pilot lay dying,
The medics had left him for dead.
All around him women were crying.
And these are the words that he said:

"Take the tailpipe out of my stomach,
Take the burner out of my brain,
Take the turbine out of my kidney,
And assemble the unit again.

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Bosom buddies while boozin'.
We are the boys they send out to die,
Bosom buddies while boozin'.

Up in headquarters they sing and they shout,
Talking of things they know nothing about!

We are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Bosom buddies while boozin',
Bosom buddies while boozin',
Bosom buddies while boozin'."

AIR CORPS LAMENT
(Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky,
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly.
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by.
The Air Corp's gone to hell.

CHORUS: Glory.....Flying Regulation,
Have them read at every station.
Crucify the man who breaks one.
The Air Corp's gone to hell.

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong,
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong.
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song.
The Air Corp's gone to hell.

I have seen them in their T-bolts when their eyes were dancing flame.
I have seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name.
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame.
Their spirit's shot to hell.

They flew B-26's through a living hell of flak.
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back.
But now they all play ping-pong in the operations shack.
Their technique's gone to hell.

Yes, the lordly flying Fortress and the Liberator, too,
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue.
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew,
And we can't fly for hell.

You have heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel,
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel,
But now the L-5 charms you with its moanin' groanin' squeal,
And it won't climb for hell.

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song,
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong,
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong.
The Air Corp's gone to hell.

AFTER THE MISSION'S OVER

(AFTER THE CALL IS OVER)

After the mission's over,
After we all get back,
We get interrogated.
Where did you see the flak?
How were the Jerry fighters?
What time was the tally-ho?
Have you any bitches?
If not, you may go.
We like the P-47,
We think they handle swell,
We like to fly formation,
We're all as nuts as hell,
We like the figher peal-off,
It will kill us all some day.
Land in 15 seconds,
Or the colonel will have to say,
_____, you straggled all day.
_____, used poor technique.
_____, You had your head up.
We'll have a short critique.
You missed the land fall-in, _____.
_____, you will report
Why, with only one wing off,
You had to abort.



BRING THAT BASE-LEG IN

Flying 'round the pattern,
And was I having fun,
Until one day I undershot,
And now my flying's done.

CHORUS: Bring that base-leg in, boys,
Bring that base-leg in,
Space yourself on the forty-five,
And bring that base-leg in.

Oh, the pieces flew and the pieces fell,
As I slid onto the ground.
And all the while, the tower yelled,
"Pull up and go around."

ARMY CHAIR CORPS SONG

(AIR FORCE SONG)

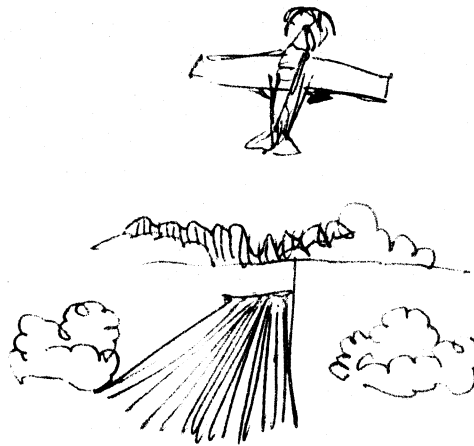
Here we go, into the file case yonder,
Diving deep into the drawer.
Here it is, buried away down under,
The gol-derned stuff we've been searching for.
Off we go, into the CO's office,
Where we get one helluva roar.
We live in miles of paper files,
But nothing will stop the Army Chair Corps.

CHORUS: Here's a toast to the host of those who slave
With feet on desk so high.
To a friend we will send a message of
The trials of the swivel-chair guy.
We type and file, and though we have no prop,
We're either in a spin or else we blow our top.
So, a toast to the host of the men who coast-
The Army Chair Corps.

Here we go, into the file case yonder,
Keep the margins level and true.
If you'd live to be a gray-haired wonder,
Keep your nose out of the glue.
Office men, guarding the Army's red tape,
We'll be there, followed by more.
With dictionary, we're stationary-
For nothing can move the Army Chair Corps.

OFF WE GO

Back we come, off of a one-hour test hop,
From over the land, and over the sea.
For this feat we get a raise in rank,
Ten days leave, and a D.F.C.
Heroes all, as you can judge by medals,
Got a lot, and we'll get some more,
We're out to conquer, and we will.
For nothing can stop the Army Air Corps.



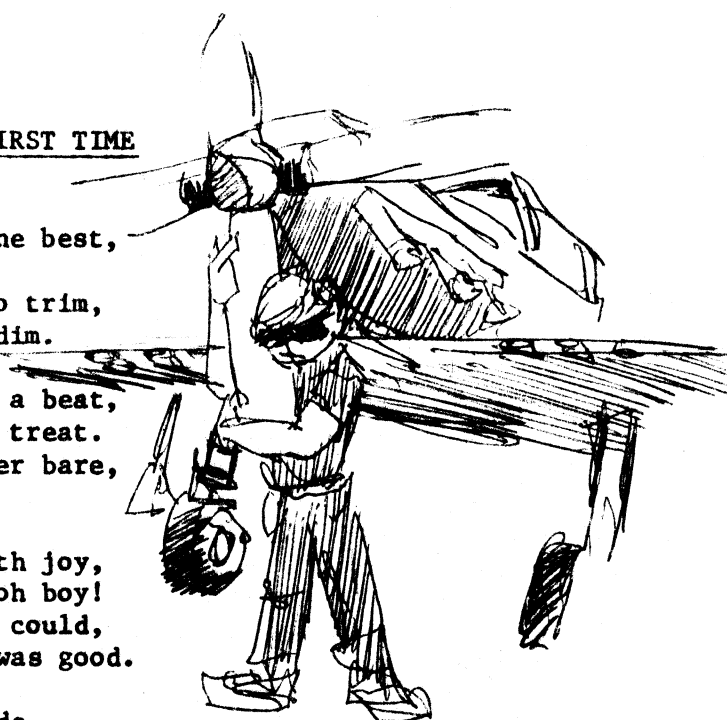
THE FIRST TIME

She was a honey, she was one of the best,
That night I put her to the test.
She looked so sweet, so pretty, so trim,
The night was dark, the moon was dim.

I was so excited, my heart missed a beat,
For I knew I was in for a helluva treat.
I'd seen her stripped, I'd seen her bare,
I'd felt her over everywhere.

I got inside her, she screamed with joy,
That was the first time, oh boy! oh boy!
I got up quickly, as quickly as I could,
I handled her gently, I knew she was good.

I rolled her over, then on her side,
Then on her back I also tried.
She was just one high thrill, the best in the land,
That P-51 of the Fighter Command.



GROUND CREW SONG

(The Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Oh, the fliers get the glory,
And they draw the flying pay;
They swagger all around the field,
And have a lot to say.

But, I'll tell you all a secret,
And I'll certify it's true:
A flier isn't worth a damn,
Without a good ground crew.

THE FORMATION

Here's a health to the formation leader, a jolly good fellow is he.
He uses three star navigation, and flies on Bacardi.
Here's a health to the leaders two wingmen, to the gunner within his Turrelle,
Here's a health to the whole damn formation, we'll fly reviews in hell.

WIRRAWAYS DON'T BOTHER ME

Wirraways don't worry me, Wirraways don't worry me.
Oil burning bastards with flaps on their wings,
With bugged up pistons and bugged up rings.
The bomb load is so fucking small,
Three fifths of five eights of fuck all.
There's such a commotion out over the ocean,
So cheer up my lads, fuck 'em all.

They say that the Japs have a very fine kite,
That we're no longer in doubt,
~~When~~ there's a Zero way out on your tail,
This is the way to get out:
Be cool and collected, be calm and serene,
Don't let your British blood boil,
Don't hesitate, shove her right through the gate,
And drown the poor bastard in oil!

EIGHT BUCKS A DAY

Open up the throttle till the needle hits the peg.
Eight bucks a day, Eight bucks a day.
Dive and roll and loop her till she's wingless as a keg.
Eight bucks a day is the pay.
Close the gate, lock the door,
Cause we won't come back to Langley no more.
We'll land at every flying field to San Francisco Bay.
Eight bucks a day is the pay.

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die.
Old soldiers never die, they just fade a--way.
Old sailors never buy, never buy, never buy.
Old sailors never buy, they just sail away.
Old pilots never fly, never fly, never fly.
Old pilots never fly, they just draw their pay!

F

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS
(Casey Jones)

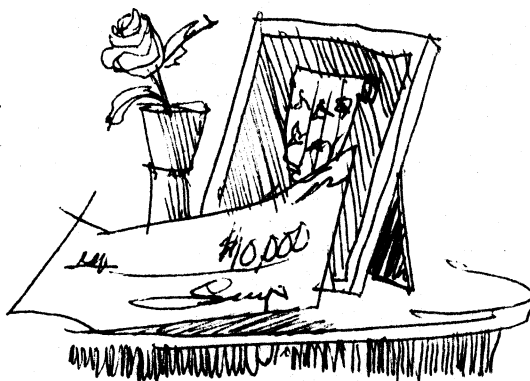
He was going downwind making ninety miles an hour,
When his aircraft fell off in a spin.
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle,
And his body all covered with gin.

Now the Pratt and Whitney man said, "It can't be the engine,
'Cause our engines never stop."
So upon examination, pulling plugs at every station,
They found it was the Hamilton prop.

CHORUS: (Low and Soft to the tune of the Funeral March)
Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks,
Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks,
Oh, won't they be excited,
Oh, won't they be excited,
Just think of all the things that they can buy-
With the ten thousand dollars going home to the folks.

INTO THE AIR

Into the air, Army Air Corps.
Into the air, pilots true.
Into the air, Army Air Corps.
Keep your nose up in the blue.
And when you hear the engines roaring,
And the steel props start to whine,
Then you can bet the Army Air Corps
Is along the fighting line!



HAIL TO THE SQUADRON

Hail to the Squadron, Hail to the Corps.
Hail to all the airmen who braved the skies before.
We're on the road to victory, thumbs up forever more.
Hail to the squadrons flying high.
Hail to the men who rule the sky.
Hail to the Army, the Army Air Corps.

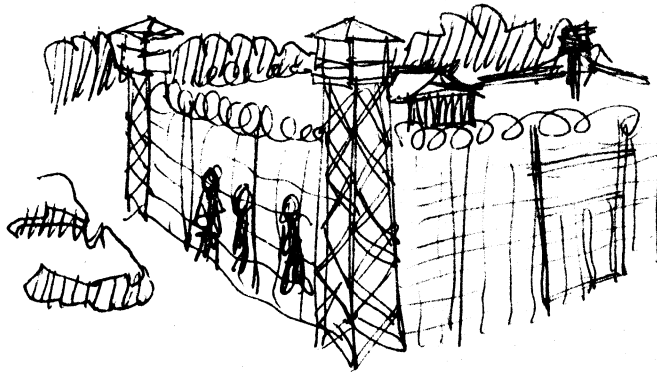
BLUES IN THE NIGHT

My mamma done told me,
When I was in combat,
My mamma done told me, "Son,
These bombers are sweet things
That give you a big ride,
But when the riding is done,
Those flak boys will get you,
That worrisome thing
That leaves you to sing
The blues in the night."

Hear those bullets singing,
Hear those flak bursts ringing,
Mer-rump!!
The Jerries have got you,
Those worrisome things
That leave you to sing
The blues in the night.

From Frankfurt to Brunswick!
From Weiner to Ploesti!
Wherever the heavies go,
I've been in some thick flak,
And fighters make big times,
But there is one thing I know:

They briefed us for Breslau-
We ran into flak,
Now I'm in the sack
And singin' the blues in the night.
Yes, I'm flat on my back,
Still thinking of flak,
And those blues in the night.



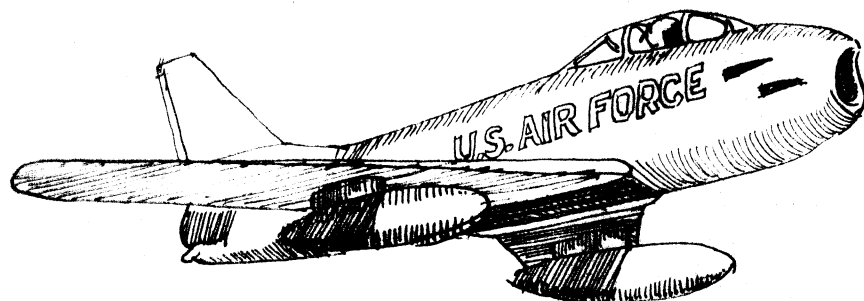
THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

Thanks for the memories
Of flights to Germany
Across the cold North Sea;
With blazing guns
We fought the Huns
For air supremacy.
How lucky we are!

Thanks for the memories
Of ME-109's,
Of flak guns on the Rhine,
They did their bit
And we were hit,
And ended our good times-
We hated them so much!

We drifted out of formation,
We jumped, and what a sensation!
And now to sweat out the duration,
Our jobs are done,
We've had our fun.

So, thanks for the memories
Of days we had to stay
In Stalag Luft 3A;
The cabbage stew
Which had to do
Till Red Cross Parcel Day-
HOW THANKFUL WE ARE!



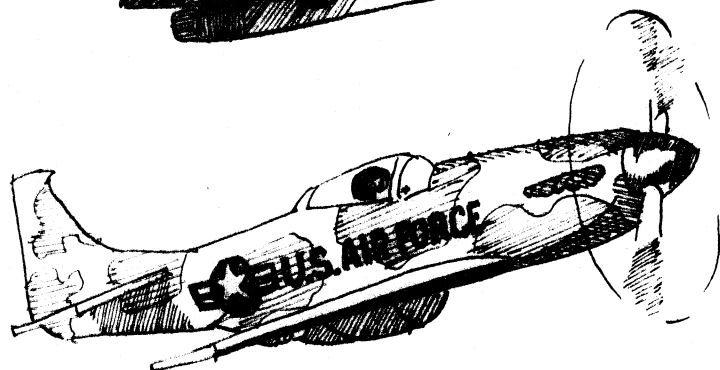
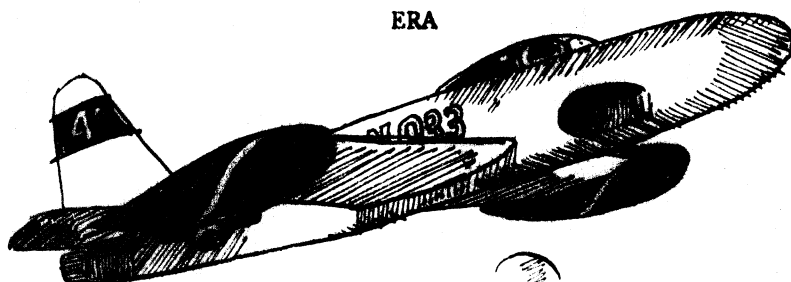
THE SONGS

OF

THE

KOREA

ERA



A KOREAN CHRISTMAS CAROL

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the tent
Was the odor of fuel oil (the stovepipe was bent).
The shoepacs were hung by the oil stove with care,
In hope that they'd issue each man a new pair.
The weary GI's were sacked out in their beds,
And visions of sugar babes danced in their heads.
When up on the ridge line there arose such a clatter
(A Chinese machine gun had started to chatter).
I rushed to my rifle and threw back the bolt,
The rest of my tentmates awoke with a jolt.
Outside we could hear out Platoon Sergeant Kelly,
A hard little man with a little potbelly,
"Come, Yancey, come, Clancey, come, Conners and Watson,
Up, Miller, up, Schiller, up, Baker and Botson."
We tumbled outside in a swirl of confusion,
So cold that each man could have used a transfusion.
"Get up on that hilltop and silence that Red,
And don't come back down till you're sure that he's dead."
Then, putting his thumb up in front of his nose,
Sergeant Kelly took leave of us shivering Joes.
But we all heard him say in a voice soft and light,
"Merry Christmas to all - may you live through the night."

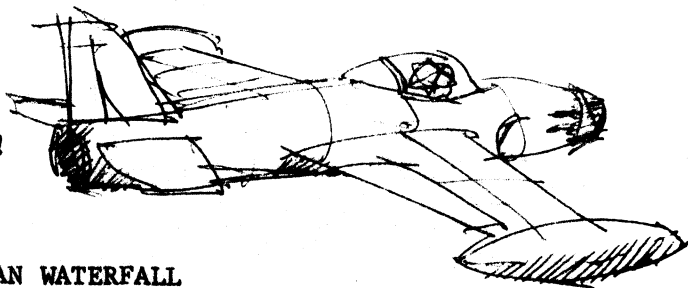
NAVY PRAYER

Our father who art in Washington,
Truman is thy name.
The Navy's done,
The Air Force won
On the Atlantic as in the Pacific.
Give us this day our appropriations,
And forgive us our accusations,
Even as we forgive our accusers.
Lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from Matthews and Johnson,
For thine is the power,
The B-36, and the Air Force
Forever and ever. Airmen.

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES

Bless 'em all! Bless 'em all!
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all.
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet,
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet.
'Cause he tried to go over the wall
With tiptanks and tailpipe and all.
The needles did cross and the wings did come off
With tiptanks and tailpipe and all.

Through the wall! Through the wall!
That bloody invisible wall.
That transsonic journey is nothing but rough,
As bad as a ride on the local base bus.
So, I'm staying away from that wall,
Subsonic for me and that's all.
If you're hot you might make it,
But you'll probably break it-
Your butt or your neck, not the wall!



BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day,
Beside his shattered Sabrejet, a young pursuiter lay.
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead.
So listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said:

"We're going to a better land where everything is bright,
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles,
Play poker every night!
We haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing,
And all our crews are women, Oh, Death, where is they sting?"

Oh, death, where is thy sting, ting-a-ling?
Oh, death, where is thy sting?
The bells of hell will ring, ring-a-ling,
For you but not for me!

Oh, ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, pin a rose on you.
Ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, pin a rose on you.
Ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, pin a rose on you.
Better days are coming bye and bye!

I WANTED WINGS
(Korean Version)

I wanted wings till I got the goddamn things,
Now I don't want them anymore.
I don't want a tour in Korea that's for sure,
I've had a bellyfull of war.
I don't want my fanny frozen
In that putrid land of Chosen,
Fighting Migs of Uncle Joe's.
In atmosphere that's frigid frozen, buster,
I wanted wings till I got the goddamn things,
Now I don't want them anymore.

I don't want to die over Antung in the sky,
Migs always make me barf my lunch.
For me ther's no hey-hey screaming,
"Bogies, that-a-way!"
I'd rather be home with the bunch.
Now ther's one thing you can't laugh off
And that's when they shoot your ass off,
I would rather be home, buster,
With my butt than with a cluster, buster,
I wanted wings till I got the goddamn things,
Now I don't want them anymore.

KOREA
(I'm Looking Over a 4-Leaf Clover)

I'm looking over a well fought over
Korea that I abhor.
One for the money,
And two for the Show.
Ridgeway said, "Stay",
But we want to go.
There's no use explaining,
Why we're remaining.
We got what we were fighting for:
KOREA, KOREA, and diarrhea,
To make the rice grow some more!

PRISONER-OF-WAR BLUES

Cold winds blowing through the Chosen trees,
POW's down here about to freeze,
Won't old Uncle Sam come and hear our pleas?
Jack, it's cold in North Korea.

POW's on the Yalu choging and choging-
Say, they work from break of day,
Planes are in the air, they're strafing and bombing-
Say, they start flying at break of day.

Dear old Eisenhower with his neutral zone,
Please take me back where I belong,
How I wanna get back in that ZI Zone.
Jack, it's cold in North Korea.



I JUST DON'T LIKE THIS KIND OF LIVING

I just don't like this kind of living,
They're always asking and never giving.
Everything is buhow-that's all right,
It's rice and beans every day and night.
I just don't like this kind of living.
Now come here, friends, and let me tell you a story,
I'll tell you of Kim and all his glories,
I'll tell you of lectures and roll calls, too-
Beware, my friend, they'll make a Commie out of you,
And I just don't like that kind of living.
Down here in Pyoktang you get so lonely and weary and blue.
I pray to the good Lord up in Heaven so true
To get 'em out of here in 1952-
Because I just don't like this kind of living.

CLOSE-SUPPORT MISSIONS
(Casey Jones)

It's a long, long way from Pusan to Pyongyang,
The mountains are high and wide.
But if they hit me in the coolant,
You can write out a Mustang,
For I'm fixing to go over the side.

Close support is a damn fine mission
Because you work so close to the troops,
But the Fifties and the Forties
Will hit you in the coolant,
And she'll cough and she'll splutt and she'll poop.

Bail right out while your buddies circle 'round you
And the Communists blaze away,
So the choppers come in
And pick up your elbows-
Registration Boys will get the rest some day.

It's a damn fine war and we love every mission
And we hope we're here to stay.
But we'd rather not fight
And suggest coalition,
Or to make hay with some old whore in Santa Fe.

MIG-15's

I t'ought I saw a MIG-15,
A-tweeping up on me.
I did, I did, I taw him,
As big as he could be.

I am that dreat big MIG-15,
Ivan is my name.
And if I catch that '84,
I'll shoot him down in flame.



HIGH-TAIL BLUES
(My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

I flew through a MIG-covered valley,
With those Red Noses flying so near,
And I heard a voice within me saying,
"Let's high-tail the hell out of here."

For there is the town of Sinanju,
Where those black clouds begin to appear,
And again that voice within me whispers,
"Let's high-tail the hell out of here."

Oh, why do I fly these railcuts?
Won't someone please ask the brass?
Those bastards that run those railroads
Aren't friendly for they hate my ass.

So when the flak gets heavy
And my wingmen they all disappear,
I'll take that whispered warning
And high-tail the hell out of there.

CHOSEN RESERVOIR
(Utah Carl)

Listen, all you fliers, I'll tell you one and all
About an eager pilot with much less brains than gall.
He flew a weary Mustang, in the North Korean War,
He made his last fatal mistake at the Chosen Reservoir.

He took off out of Wonsan, flew north to Sulongni,
Then shot up a loaded oxcart on the road to Tokotori.
He charged his guns and looked around for something else to do,
He thought he'd find some targets on the plains of Hagaru.

Then a self-propelled gun in open view he saw
Along a high embankment, at the bottom of a draw.
With such an easy target, he didn't stop to think
That it might be just a flak trap of the wily Commie Chink.

So, eagerly he dove in, so deadly was his aim,
He knew he'd get his target, and the Commies felt the same.
They got him with their first shot, he nevr felt the jar-
Now he lies on the bottom of the Chosen Reservoir.

ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG

On top of old Pyongyang,
All covered with flak,
I lost my poor wingman,
He'll never come back.

For flying's a pleasure,
But crashing is grief,
And a quick-triggered Commie
Is worse than a thief.

A thief will just rob you,
And take what you save,
But a quick-triggered Commie
Will send you to the grave.

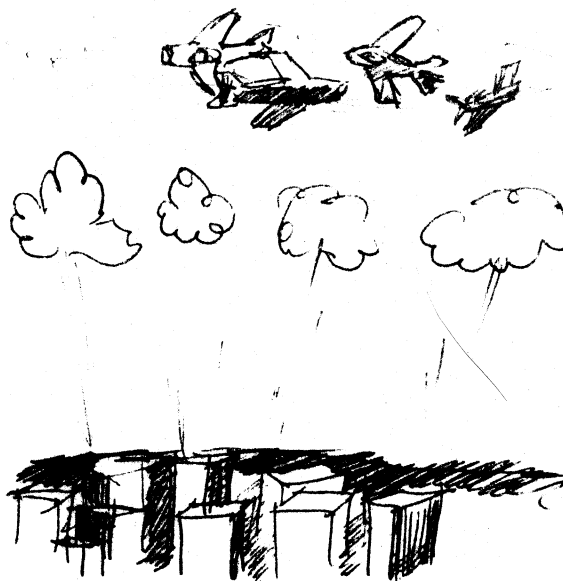
The grave will decay you,
And turn you to dust,
Not one MIG in a thousand
Can an Eighty-six trust.

They'll chase you and kill you,
And send out more lead
Than cuts on a railroad
Or MIG's overhead.

So come, all you pilots,
And listen to me,
Never go to Sinanju
Or old Kunarri.

For the planes they will splatter,
And the pilots will die,
You'll stay in Korea
And nevermore fly.

The moral of this story,
I'll shout till I'm hoarse,
Stay east of Camp Stoneman,
Join the Stateside Air Force.



THE WRECK OF OLD "97"

There were 97 airplanes
Warming up on the apron,
Not enough room, you could see.
The first 96
Were of recent construction,
But the last was a 51-D.

She was old "97",
And she had a fine record,
But she hadn't been flown that year.
So she creaked and she groaned
When they started her engine,
For she knew that her time was near.

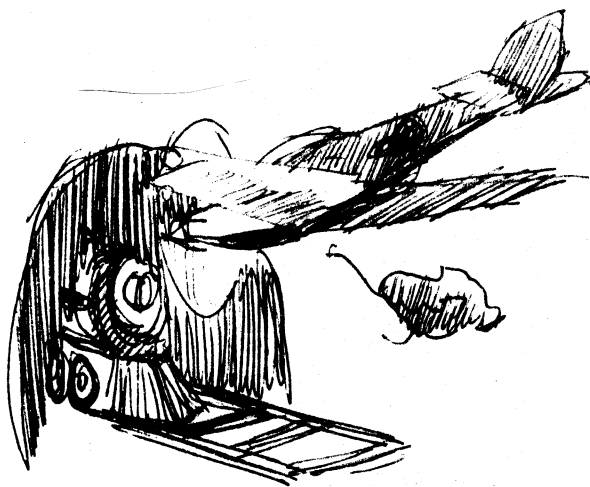
A Second Lieutenant
Wandered into Operations,
And he asked for a ship or two,
And they said, "Young man,
We are very short of airplanes,
But we'll see what we can do.

"Now the first 47
Are reserved for Majors,
And the Captains have the next 49.
But there's one more ship
Out on the end of the apron,
The last ship upon the line."

He was headed for Wonju,
And from there to Chinhae,
And he had to make that flight.
So he said, "O.K.,
If you'll give me a clearance,
I will get there some time tonight."

Oh, he flew over Taejon,
And the Taegu airstrip,
And the ceiling began to fall.
And the clouds closed down
On the tops of the mountains,
And he couldn't see the ground at all.

Oh, he flew through rain,
And he flew through a snowstorm,
Till the light began to fail,
When he found a railroad,
Going in his direction,
And he said, "I'll get there by rail."



He flew down a valley,
And he dodged through the mountains,
And he kept that road in sight,
Till the rails disappeared
Through a tunnel in the mountains,
And he ended his last long flight.

There was old "97",
With her nose in the mountain,
And her wheels upon the track,
And her throttle was bent
In the forward position,
And her engine was facing back.

Now, ladies, please listen,
And heed my warning
From this time ever on-
Never speak harsh words
To your fly-boy husband,
He may leave you and never return.

CHITOSE BLUES
(Cigarettes and Whiskey)

Once I was happy and had a dear wife,
I had enough Yen to last me for life.
I met a josan who was on the make.
The bath it was hot and the Josan was too.
If you go to Asmuchí, my boys, you're through.

I went to my room, some sleep for to get.
She said, "No sleep, fly-boy, I not tired yet."
I woke the next morning at quarter past ten,
She says, "Hey, Yankee, that's four thousand Yen."

I'm back in Chitose where we sing and we shout!
Me and the Doc are sweating it out.
He gave me some pills from a jug on the shelf.
Then he poured out a dozen or two for himself.

CHORUS: Cigarettes and Saki and wild wild josans,
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane,
Cigarettes and Saki and wild wild josans,
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.



STRAFING 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN
(She'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain)

Now listen, all you airmen young and old,
To the tale of fighter pilots young and bold,
With their fighters painted yellow,
Leaping off to contact Mellow,
In the crisp Korean air so cold and blue.

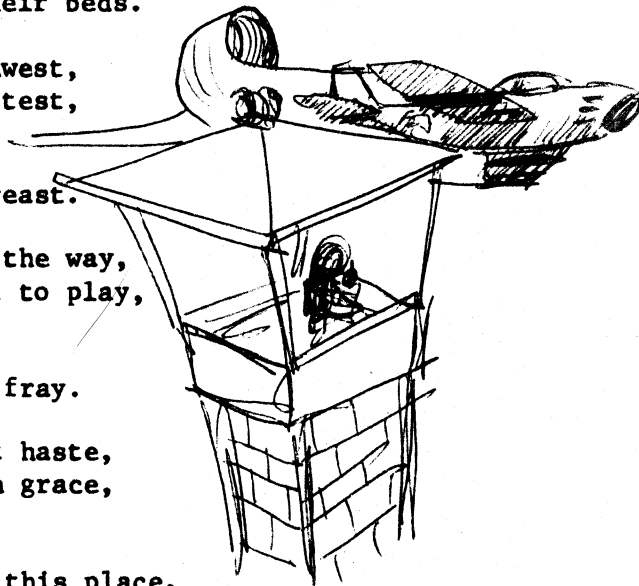
It was dive-bomb old Sinanju, stop the Reds,
Eight one-thousand-pounders loaded, instant heads,
Four birds lined up on the runway,
Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday,
Hope we catch those lousy Commies in their beds.

Twenty-thousand over Pyongyang on northwest,
Gas Mask flight about to face the acid test,
Till at last the Yalu River,
Which makes my liver quiver,
With flak guns lined up twenty-four abreast.

Dust clouds roll up from Antung 'cross the way,
Twenty swept-wing Chinese war birds out to play,
Thirty-sevens, Twenty-threes,
All lit up like Christmas trees;
Tiptanks salvoed off, we leap into the fray.

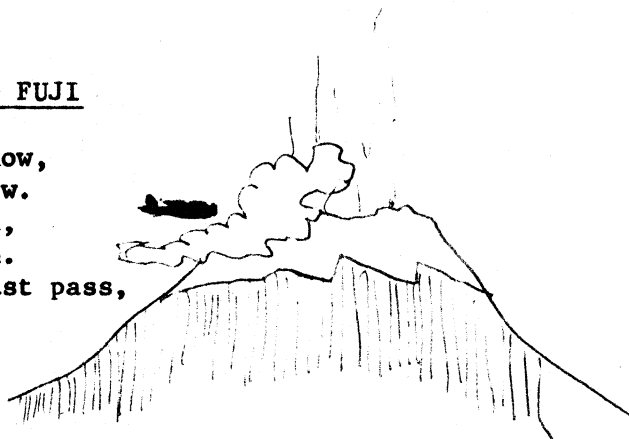
Kimpo Tower clears the pattern in great haste,
Twenty victory rolls our pilots do with grace,
It was thrilling, it was hairy,
Near that privileged sanctuary,
Syngman Rhee will soon be president of this place.

Kimpo Tower, this is Gas Mask Willie Four,
I am heading home, I'm through with this damned war.
I am flying on to Taegu,
Heading 152 to K-2,
'Cause they're sending back to Moscow for some more.



ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

On top of old Fuji, all covered with snow,
I lost my jet pilot, from flying too low.
He put on an air show, he did it for me,
On top of old Fuji, he clobbered a tree.
With throttle wide open, he made his last pass,
At altitude zero, he busted his ass.



MEN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

Once they were happy, completely at ease,
They flew their F-80's like a swingin' trapeze.
They looped 'em, they rolled 'em, they bounced DC-3's,
But alas, boys, their wings have been clipped.

One day they approached Itazuke,
Jet Leader called, "Echelon right.
Mustangs at nine o'clock level-
Let's see if Eighth Fighter will fight."

The F-80's broke left and the Mustangs broke right,
"I think they see us," says Jet Four in fright.
"They're all pulling streamers," says Jet Number Three,
"Let's go home-this is no place to be."

But the Mustangs had sighted the bogies,
They pulled through the top of a loop.
They dove on the trembling F-80's,
My God! Have they scrambled the group!

The jets headed home at a hundred per cent,
In fact, Number Four had the throttle stop bent,
Back to Misawa, to Misawa they went,
Never to bounce any more.

RED NOSE MIGS (Shrimp Boats)

Oh, the red nose MIG's are comin',
Not a Sabre in sight.
Oh, the red nose MIG's are comin',
And they want to fight.

Let's hurry, hurry, hurry home.
Oh, won't you hurry, hurry, hurry home.
Oh, the red nose MIG's are comin',
Not a Sabre in sight.

THE PILOT'S LAMENT
(Clementine)

Once a flier, do or dier, in his faithful Sabre true,
After bitchin', flew a mission, to the town on Sinanju.
Still in flight he saw some mighty Russian MIG's upon his tail,
With a quiver and a shiver he let out an awful wail.

CHORUS: SAYONARA, SAYONARA, SAYONARA, AH SO DES- *
If you find me, never mind me, I will be an awful mess.

Then a Mustang came in bustin', just to see what he could do,
But alas, he made a pass, and that was all - they got him, too.
Thought an Eighty, I'm so great he'll never get a shot at me,
Wasn't gone long when his swan song sounded just like this to me:

CHORUS

Then a Thunderjet, who hadn't blundered yet, thought he'd try it all alone,
Like a blotter, he hit the water, shook the hand of Davy Jones.
Came a Corsair, built for warfare, back in 1941,
Ten years later, was no greater than the day it was begun.
Then MIG drivers, betting fivers, on who'd get the F4U,
Instead of dying, would be flying, if they'd known what Marines can do.
The wily Corsair stopped in midair, went into a cloud to hide,
The MIG's went by him, couldn't find him, crashed into a mountainside.
So, to all Red pilots, here's a warning, when out looking for some fun,
If you spy us, go on by us, or your flying days are done.

CHORUS: SAYONARA, SAYONARA, SAYONARA, AH SO DES - *
If you find me, never mind me, or you'll be a awful mess.

* Japanese phrase meaning, "Good-by, good-by, good-by, who care?"

SPRING TIME ON THE YALU

When it's spring time on the Yalu and the MIG's come out to play,
And the contrails run in circles, fighter pilots earn their pay.
We'll hold our triggers steady when our sights are zeroed in,
We'll hold our glasses ready when they pass out rum and gin.

When it's spring time on the Yalu and the napalm is in bloom,
And your 50's do the talking and it's just a MIG and you.
Once again you'll hear whisper that my fuel is running low,
When it's spring time on the Yalu then it's time for us to go.

TO THE REGULARS

I won't forget Korea,
I won't forget Kumsan,
For Syngman Fhee and Stalin
Have made me feel at home.
I flew across the bomb line
And got a hole or two,
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you and you and you.

CHORUS: Oh, I was called to risk my ass
And save the UN, too,
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you and you and you.

The AA was terrific,
The small arms were intense,
While fly boys bombed the front lines,
The division did the rest.
While the Regulars held their desk jobs,
The Reserves were called en masse,
For the UN knew the Air Reserve
Was the one to save their ass.

I love you, my dear old USA,
With all my aching heart,
If I hadn't joined the damn Reserves,
We'd never've had to part.
But we won't cry and we won't squawk,
For we are not alone,
For one of these days the Regulars'll come
And we can all go home.

Now, we don't mind the hardships,
We've faced them in the past,
But we wonder if our congressmen
Have had forties up their ass.
We have to fight to save the peace,
That's what the bastards said,
But when you check the casualties,
You'll find no Senators dead.

I'm going to raise a family,
When this war is through,
I hope to have a bouncing boy
To tell my stories to.
But someday when he grows up,
If he joins the Air Reserve,
I'll kick his butt from dawn to dusk,
For that's what he'll deserve.

KUNARRI AND ANTUNG

Now once I was happy and had a good deal,
Flew Fox-eighty-sixes at old Victorville,
They asked for a volunteer, said, "I'll take you,"
The next thing I knew I was stuck in Taegu.

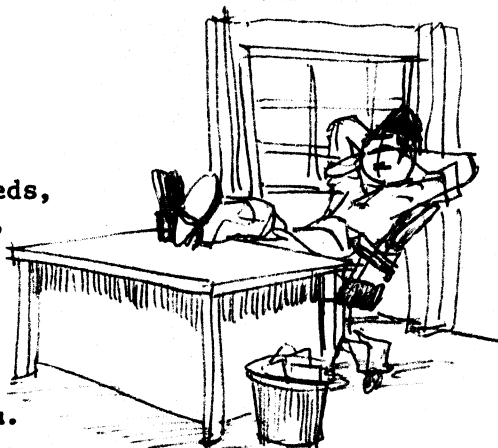
CHORUS: Kunarri and Antung, and wild, wild Pyongyang,
They'll drive you ape sweat, they'll drive you insane.
Quad 50's and 40's and one hundred sorties,
They'll drive you ape sweat, they'll drive you insane.

We go to our briefing while it is still night,
We lift off the runway before it is light,
We form in the gloom and we're off on our way,
We're over the target before it is day.

We're up on the Yalu, there's cons overhead,
We think of the Wheels who are snug in their beds,
We drop our big tips and we break to the right,
"Josie," we cry with all of our might.

We steer on 280, we're up in the soup,
We swear that the leader is doing a loop,
Break out in the clear and set down on K-2,
Be careful or a home-towner will tell about you.

If I fly a hundred and they ask me for more,
I'll tell them to jam it - my fanny's too sore,
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care,
Just give me a Wing job, a desk, and a chair.



THROW A NICKLE ON THE GRASS

It was midnight in Korea, all the pilots were in bed,
When up stepped a colonel, and this is what he said:
"Pilots, gentle pilots, pilots one and all.
Sabres, gentle Sabres," and all the pilots shouted, "Balls!"
Then up stepped a young lieutenant with a voice as harsh as brass,
"You can take those goddamn Sabre-jets and shove 'em up your ass!"

CHORUS: Sing hallelujah, sing hallelujah,
Throw a nickle on the grass,
Save a fighter pilot's ass.
Sing hallelujah, sing hallelujah,
Throw a nickle on the grass,
And you'll be saved.

Cruising down the Yalu - doing 650 per,
I called to my flight leader, "Oh, won't you save me, sir?
I got big flak holes in my wings, my tanks won't hold no gas.
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I got six MIGs on my ass!"

I went into my bomb run, I went too goddamn low,
I punched the pickle button, let both those babies go.
I yanked back upon the stick, I hit a high-speed stall,
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall.

I flew my traffic pattern, to me it looked alright.
My airspeed read 130, My God, I racked it tight.
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze.
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions please.

I flew my crosswind landing, I had my left wing down.
I got a call from Mobile, "Pull up and go around!"
I yanked that Sabre in the air, a dozen feet or more.
The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor.

We flew our Sabres through the war, we flew them fine and fast,
But when the war was over, we knew it couldn't last.
They sent our old instructors to teach us all the tricks,
And now we're flying number 4, behind those dirty pricks.

Now we've gone all-weather, it's gauges all the way.
In night and murk, we intercept and seldom get to play.
We've gone from guns to rockets and a sight that weighs a ton,
But, friend, we still can wax your ass the way we've always done.

OLD NUMBER NINE

Twass a dark and stormy night, not a star was in sight.
All the Mustangs were tied down to the line,
When, in rain up to his ears, stood a lonely volunteer,
With his orders to fly old number nine.

His ass was racked with pain as he climbed into his plane,
And his bung hole was puckered fit to tie,
And he whispered a prayer as he climbed into the air,
For he knew that this was his night to die.

As he flew o'er Haga-ru, he could see a school or two,
And the women and children very well.
But how was he to know that he'd fly so goddammed low,
That his bomb blast would blow his ass to hell.

In the wreck he was found thinly spread out on the ground,
And the crunchies, they raised his weary head.
With his life almost spent, here's the message that he sent
To his buddies who'd be sad to see him dead:

"I used an 8 to 10 delay but it didn't work out that way.
Without a tail, an F4U won't fly.
Toll the Skipper for me, that he now has twenty-three.
He can roll up the ladder - Semper Fi."

BLOOD ON YOUR TUNIC

An Air Force Lieutenant to Pusan did stole.
He'd just come back from a raid on Seoul,
When an old M.P. Sgt. said, "Pardon me, sir,
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knees."

CHORUS: La de a, La de a.
There's blood on your tunic,
And mud on your knees.

Now, look here SGT., you bloody damn fool,
I've just come back from a raid on Seoul,
Where ack ack is flying and comforts are few,
And brave young men are dying for bastards like you.

Now the old M.P.Sgt. said, "Pardon me, sir,
But on the LT. I meant no slur,
But the girls down in Pusan are hard to please,
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knees!"

LEE'S HOOCHIE
(On Top of Old Smokey)



I went to Seoul City and met a Miss Lee,
She said for a short time, oh, come sleep with me.
We went to Lee's hoochie, a room with hot floors.
I left my shoes outside, and slid shut the door.

She took off her long johns, and rolled out the pad.
I gave her ten thousand, 'twas all that I had.
Her breath smells of kimchie, her bosoms were flat,
No hair on her pussy, now what about that!

I asked to go benjo, she led me outside,
I reached for old smokey, he crawled back inside.
I rushed to the medics, cried, "What shall I do?"
The Doc was dumbfounded, old smokey was blue.

Now when you're in Seoul City, on your next three day pass,
Don't go to Lee's Hoochie, sit flat on your ass.
Now your ass may get blistered, and Lee may tempt you,
But better the red ass, than old smokey blue.

ANGELES POM-POM SONG

Have you ever been in the Philippines?
The place is full of Pom-pom queens.
The clap is bad, but the syph is worse.
So flub your dub for safety first.

CHORUS: Singing rum and coca-cola, come down to old Angeles,
Both mother and daughter, working for the GI dollar.

The women with their dirty feet,
Walk up and down Angeles street.
They come up close and whisper low,
"How about a little pom-pom, Joe."

The Philippine pimp is very smart;
He gets his dough before you start.
The pom-pom there is very nice,
But twenty pesos is a helluva price.

PUSAN U
(Sioux City Sue)

We were roaming rond the countryside,
'Twas down near Pusan Bay.
We stepped into a local bar,
To pass the time away.
I met a gal from old Chin Ju.
She was a sight to view.
I asked her where she came from,
And she said, "Pusan U."

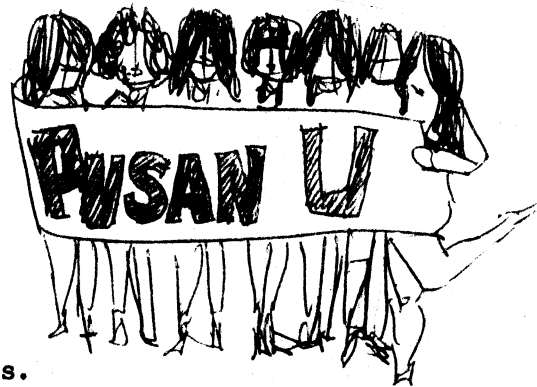
CHORUS: Oh, Pusan U, Oh, Pusan U.
The finest school in all the land.
The university that's grand.
Oh, Pusan U, Oh, Pusan U.
I hail my Alma Mater,
Oh, Pusan U, to you.

I enrolled in that great college,
Founded by Kim Pac Su.
'Twas built of honeybuckets,
So they called it Pusan U.
The smell, it was terrific,
But fortune saw me through.
So now I lift this glass
To the school of Pusan U.

CHORUS: Oh, Pusan U, Oh, Pusan U.
Your course is good for engineers,
A-frames, ox carts pulled by steers.
Oh, Pusan U, Oh, Pusan U.
I hail my Alma Mater,
Oh, Pusan U, to you.

I saw a girl most beautiful.
She was a sight to view.
She won a beauty contest,
She was crowned Miss Pusan U.
They spotted her in Hollywood,
Now she's a star there too.
When asked to what she owes her fame,
She says, "Oh, Pusan U."

We have an A-1 baseball team.
We win our games straight through.
They ask us where we come from,
And we say, "Pusan U".
We have a pitcher who is tops,
Our batters are good, too.
And every time we come to bat,
The crowd yells, "Pusan U!"



MOONSHINE
(You Are My Sunshine)

You are my moonshine, my only moonshine.
You guide my fighters,
When skies are gray.
I chase your bogies from here to Moji,
Just to find they have gone the other way.

The other day, boys, as I was flying,
I heard Moonshine Controller say:
"I've got a bogie down by Kurune,
Won't you head your jet that-a-way?"

He said he had me in radar contact,
And I believed him like a dope.
I flew to Moji - and still no bogie.
He had chased a fly across the scope!

You were my moonshine, my only moonshie,
How could you let me down this way?
My chute was swingin' - they heard me singin',
"Won't you take that Moonshine away!"

ANTUNG UNIVERSITY

Farewell to Antung University, I have risen to reality.
Forty thousand is no place for me, with MIG-15s in the vicinity,
With cannon balls flying all around, makes me wish I'd stayed on the ground.
I should join the infantry, or take the Navy and go out to sea.

Where did Red Leader go, when I called out "Bingo".
That's what I'd like to know, just where'n the hell did he go?
He called "Red Flight, BREAK RIGHT," all I did was tuck in tight.
He climbed up in the sun and that's when the fun begun!

Flashes behind me, flashes all around,
Flashes above me, and flashes on the ground.
I called "Red Leader, where in hell did you roam?
Clear yourself and ride the Mach cause I am going home!"

PARTIES, BANQUETS, AND BALLS
(Take Me Out to the Ballgame)

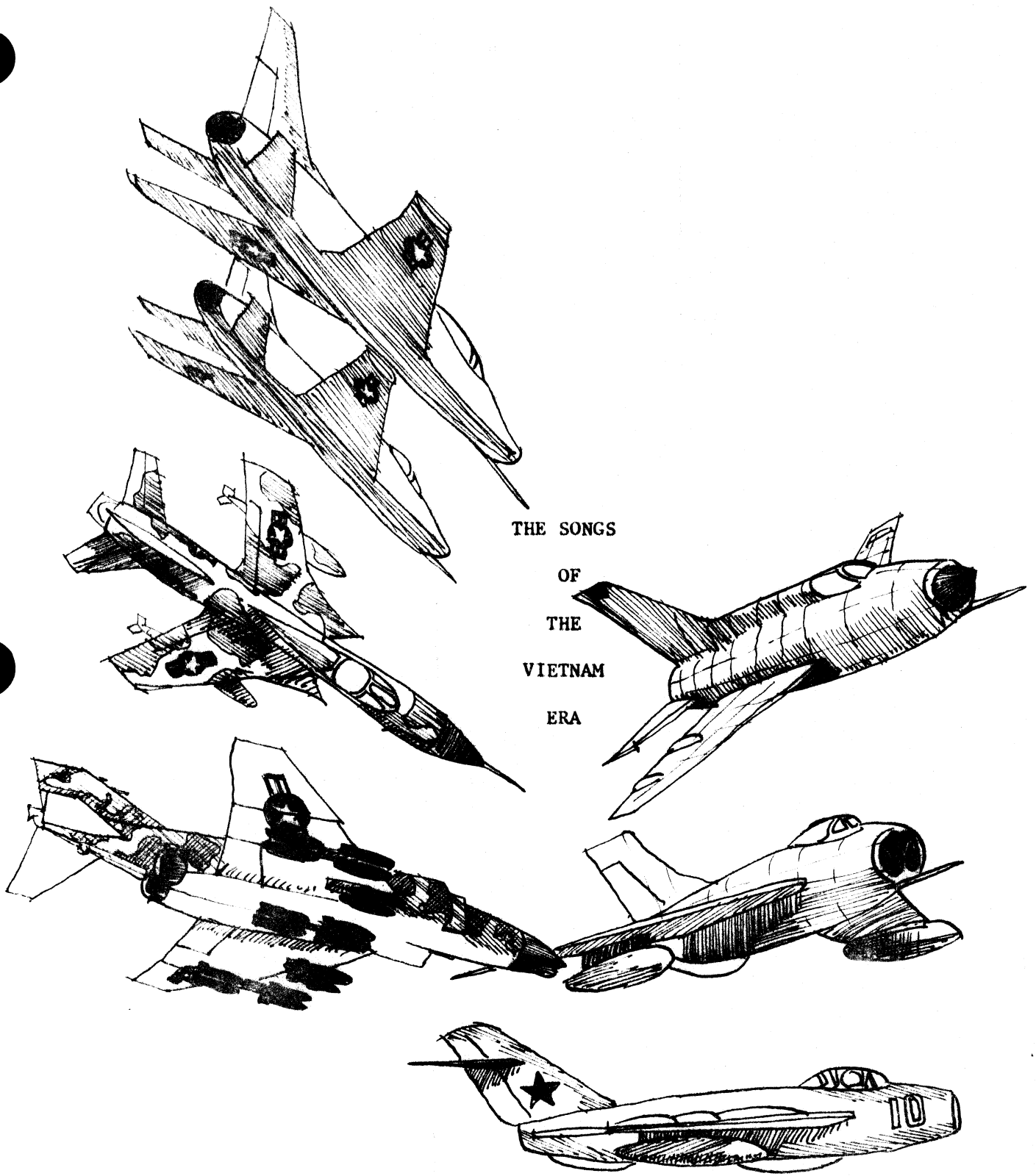
Parties, Banquets, and Balls, boys.
Parties, Banquets, and Balls.
As President Truman has said before,
There's only one way to stay out of a war.
That's with Parties, Banquets, and Balls, boys.
Parties, Banquets, and Balls.
We'll have Parties and Banquets,
And Banquets and Parties,
And Balls, Balls, Balls!

SEOUL CITY SUE
(Sioux City Sue)

I drove a herd of oxen down,
Till I reached old Bon Chong way,
And there I met a Gook girl,
Who said she'd like to play.
Her clothes were of a dirty blue,
Her hands and feet were too.
I asked her what her name was,
She said, "Seoul City Sue."

CHORUS: Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,
Your hair is black, your eyes are too.
I'd swap my honey cart for you.
Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,
No one smells of Kimchie,
Like my sweet Seoul City Sue.

Oh, Korea, I must admit,
I owe a lot to you.
I came here from America
To find Seoul City Sue.
Someday, I'll take her back with me,
And buy her perfumes too,
So people can't be singing,
"Here comes Seoul City Sue."



CAN YOU SAY WILL THE SUN RISE TOMORROW

Can you say will the sun rise tomorrow?
Will there be any time left to borrow?
Will the poet make a rhyme,
Will there be any time,
Can you say, will there be a tomorrow?

Seems to me I have been here forever,
Will this war ever end, maybe never.
Will the dawn still arrive,
Will I still be alive,
Or will I sleep here alone forever?

There's someone who I'm sure loves me only.
She's the one on my mind when I'm lonely,
Does she know? Can she see?
Is she still true to me,
Does she know what it's like to be lonely?

From the sea comes the sun, dawn is breaking,
Soon the fight for my life I'll be making,
If I die over here,
Will they know? Will they care?
Will there be joy or hearts that are breaking?

YANKEE AIR PIRATE

I am a Yankee Air Pirate, with DT's and blood-shot eyeballs,
My nerves are all run down from bombing downtown,
From SAM breaks and Bad Bandit calls.

CHORUS: A Yankee Air Pirate, a Yankee Air Pirate, a Yankee Air Pirate am I,
A Yankee Air Pirate, A Yankee Air Pirate, if I don't get my 100,
I'll die.

I've carried iron bombs on the outboards, flown fast CAP for F-1-O-Thuds,
I've sniveled a counter or two once or twice,
And sweated my own rich red blood.

I've been downtown to both bridges, to Thai Nguyen, Kep and Phuc Yen,
And if you ask me, then I'm sure you can see,
There's no place up there I ain't been.

SON OF SATAN'S ANGELS

CHORUS: I'm a son of Satan's Angels, I fly the F-4D,
All the way from the Hanoi Railroad bridge to the DMZ.
I'm one of ol' Fred Cuthill's boys, And mean as I can be.
I'm a son of Satan's Angels, I fly the F-4D.

Hello, Hanoi Hannah, send your MIG's to meet their doom,
Light them up and blast them off, Fred's boys will be there soon.
I don't care if you are the gal that was born with the silver spoon,
'Cause I've got sidewinders on board that'll home on an AB plume.

There isn't a triple A gunner up there that can have a piece of my ass,
Because I've got CBU's on board, and I'm in for one more pass,
He hosed me down one time too many, and that one was his last,
I can see my CBU's tearing holes in the gunner's ass.

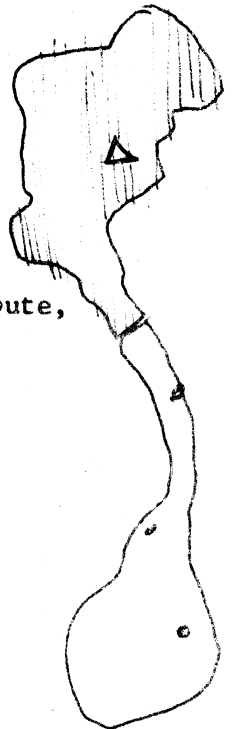
I'VE BEEN EVERYWHERE

Well, I took off from Ubon in a thick and heavy driving rain,
I toted my bombs up to green anchor tanker plane,
I had a brand-new AC riding in the front seat,
A guy with six months RTU, before that a "Tweet",
He asked me if my counters numbered much more than ten,
I said, "Listen, Mac, there ain't no place up there I ain't been."

CHORUS: I've been everywhere, Man, I've been everywhere,
I've crossed the mountains bare, Man, I've seen the flak-filled air.
Of SAM's I've had my share, Man, I've been everywhere.

Hanoi, Haiphong, Phuc Yen, Yen Bai, Longson, Hoa Lac,
Phu Tho, Son Tay, Mao Binh, Nam Dinh, Thai Binh, Bac Ninh,
Thai Nguyen, Gia Lam, Wiet Tri, Do Son,
Thud Ridge, MIG Ridge, Northeast Railroad, Bac Mai, Ninh Grang,
Bac Giange, Poo-Yang.

Sam Neue, Nan Ban, Quang, Son La, Bat Lake, Dong Hoi,
Quang Khe, Thanh Hoa, Red Route, Black Route, Blue Route, Purple Route,
Channel 97, and the Red and Black River Valley,
Landside, Waterside, Down the slide, Dang my hide,
In town, Crosstown, Uptown, Downtown.



BANANA VALLEY

Just go down to Banana Valley,
Go on down and meet your fate,
Go on down to Banana Valley,
But when you go down, down, down, you better learn to hate.

I got friends in Banana Valley,
I got friends that learned too late,
I got friends in Banana Valley,
They go down, down, down, 'cause they did not hate.

There's snakes in the weeds in Banana Valley,
Them snakes in the weeds know how to hate,
Them snakes in the weeds in Banana Valley,
They go down, down, down, and there they wait.

I heard all 'bout Banana Valley,
How fighting them snakes could be so great,
So much fun in Banana Valley,
Gotta go down, down, down, and investigate.

Two weeks ago in Banana Valley,
Two of my friends killed one of them sankes,
Two weeks ago in Banana Valley,
They went down, down, down to attend the wake.

So go on down to Banana Valley,
Go on down to meet your fate,
Go on down to Banana Valley,
But when you go down, down, down, you better learn to hate.

SAMMY SMALL (SEA Version)

O, come round us fighter pilots, fuck 'em all,
O, come round us fighter pilots, fuck 'em all,
O, we fly the goddamn plane,
Through the flak and through the rain,
And tomorrow we'll do it again, so fuck 'em all.

O, they tell us not to think, fuck 'em all,
O, they tell us not to think, fuck 'em all,
O, they tell us not to think,
Just to dive, and just to jink,
LBJ's a goddamn fink, so fuck 'em all.



O, we bombed MuGia pass, fuck 'em all,
O, we bombed MuGia pass, fuck 'em all,
O, we bombed MuGia pass,
Though we only made one pass,
They really stuck it up our ass, so fuck 'em all.

O, we're on a JCS, fuck 'em all,
O, we're on a JCS, fuck 'em all,
O, they sent the whole damn wing,
Probably half of us will sing,
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all.

O, we lost our fucking way, fuck 'em all,
O, we lost our fucking way, fuck 'em all,
O, we strafed goddamn Hanoi,
Killed every girl and boy,
What a goddamn fucking joy! so fuck 'em all.

O, my bird got all shot up, fuck 'em all,
O, my bird got all shot up, fuck 'em all,
O, my bird it did get shot,
And I'll probably cry a lot,
But I still think that it's shit hot, so fuck 'em all.

While I'm swinging in my chute, fuck 'em all,
While I'm hanging in my chute, fuck 'em all,
While I'm tangled in my chute,
Come this silly fucking toot,
Hangs a medal on my root, so FUCK EM ALL.



CRUISING OVER HANOI

We were cruising over Hanoi, Doing four and fifty per-
When I called to my flight leader, "Oh, won't you help me sir?
The SAMS are hot and heavy, The MIG's are on our ass,
Take us home flight leader, Please don't make another pass.

CHORUS: Hallelujia - Hallelujia!
Throw a nickel in the grass,
Save a fighter pilot's ass.
Hallelujia - Hallelujia!
Throw a nickel in the grass,
And you'll be saved.

I rolled into my bomb run, Trying to set the pipper right,
When a SAM came off the launch pad, And headed for our flight.
Then number two informed me, "Hey, four, you'd better break!"
I racked that goddamn plane so hard, It made the whole thing shake.

I started my recovery, It seemed things were all right,
When I felt the damnest impact, Saw a blinding flash of light,
We held the stick with all our might, against the binding force,
Then number two screamed out at us, "Hey, four, you've had the course!"

I screamed at my back seater, "We'd better punch on out-
Eject, Eject, you stupid shit", in panic I did shout.
I didn't wait around to see, If Joe had got the word,
I reached between my legs and pulled, and took off like a bird.

As I descended in my chute, My thoughts were rather grim,
Rather than be a prisoner, I'd fight them to the end.
I hit the ground and staggered up, And looked around to see,
And there in blazing neon, Hanoi Hilton welcomed me.

The moral of this story is, When you're in Package Six,
You'd better goddamn look around, Or you'll be in my fix.
I'm a guest at Hanoi Hilton, With luxury sublime,
They only thing that's not so great - I'll be here a long ... long time.

160 VC IN THE OPEN

I've got a hundred and 60 VC in the open,
And 10 or 20 North Vietnamese,
Got to get some air, put a strike down there,
Before that they can make it to the trees.

I've got 160 VC in the open,
It's a target that you don't get every day,
So I call the DASC and I quickly ask,
To please get the fighters on their way.

Number 1 should have a gun,
And a load of what we call incend-gel,
Send number 2 with CBU,
When they get here we can really give 'em Hell.

I've got 160 VC in the open,
I've got a flight of F-100's up above,
I've got my Willy Pete smoking at their feet,
It's the kind of situation that I love.



OUR LEADERS

At Phillips Range in Kansas, The jocks all had the knack,
But now that we're in combat, We got colonels on our back.
And every time we say, "Shit hot!", Or whistle in the bar,
We have to answer to someone, Looking for a star.

CHORUS: Our leaders, our leaders,
Our leaders is what they always say.
But it's bullshit, it's bullshit,
It's bullshit they feed us every day.

Today we had a hot one, And the jocks were scared as hell.
They ran to meet us with a beer, And tell us we were swell.
But Recce took the BDS and said we missed a hair.
Now we'll catch all kinds of hell, From the wheels in Second Air.

They send us out in bunches, To bomb a bridge and die.
Those tactics are for bombers, That our leaders used to fly.
The bastards don't trust our colonel, Up in Wing so I guess,
We have to leave the thinking, To the wheels in J.C.S.

The J.C.S. are generals, And they're not always right.
They sometimes think things over, Well into the night.
When they have a question, Or something they can't hack,
They have to leave the judgement, To that money saving Mac!

Now Mac's job is in danger, For he's on salary too.
To be the final say so, Is something he can't do.
Before we fly each mission, And everything is O.K.
He has to get permission from, Flight Leader L.B.J.!!!

F-105 ALMA MATER

High above the Kansas flat lands, In their brand new toys,
Fly a bunch of frightened ham hands, McConnell School for Boys.

Off to battle led like cattle, They are heard to sigh,
To the port of embarkation, Follow me and die.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE OLD HEADS GONE
(Where have all the Flowers Gone)

Where have all the soldiers gone? Long time passing.
Where have all the soldiers gone? Long time ago.
Where have all the soldiers gone? They've all gone to Vietnam.
When will they ever learn; When will they ever learn?

Where have all the Vietnamese gone? Long time passing.
Where have all the Vietnamese gone? Long time ago.
Where have all the Vietnamese gone? They've all become Viet Cong.
When will we ever learn; When will we ever learn?

Where have all the VC gone? Long time passing.
Where have all the VC gone? Long time ago.
Where have all the VC gone? To fix the bridges that we bomb.
When will they ever learn; When will they ever learn?

Where do all the Weasels go? Long time passing.
Where do all the Weasels go? Long time ago.
Where do all the Weasels go? O'er the ridge to meet the foe.
When will they ever learn; When will they ever learn?

Where have all the SAM sites gone? Long time passing.
Where have all the SAM sites gone? Long time ago.
Where have all the SAM sites gone? They've been down, oh, so long.
When will they ever learn; When will they ever learn?

Where do all the strike flights go? Long time passing.
Where do all the strike flights go? Long time ago.
Where do all the strike flights go? 'Cross the fence again, I know.
When will they ever learn; When will they ever learn?

Where have all the flak sites gone? Long time passing.
Where have all the flak sites gone? Long time ago.
Where have all the flak sites gone? Along the railroad, oh, so long.
When will they every learn; When will they ever learn?

Where have all the old heads gone? Long time passing.
Where have all the old heads gone? Long time ago.
Where have all the old heads gone? They've gone home, their tour is done.
You see, they've finally learned; Oh, yes, they've finally learned.

ON TOP OF THE POP UP
(On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of the pop up, And flat on my back,
I lost my poor wingman, In a big hail of flak.

Guard channel was silent, The sites were all dead,
Until we rolled in, And looked up ahead.

The sky filled with fireballs, The missiles flashed by.
Sweet mother of Jesus, We're all going to die.

Number two called, "I'm hit, I'm going to bust."
Not one goddamn elint, A poor jock can trust.

So come ye young pilots, And listen to dad,
Forget about jinking, And your ass has been had.

They'll hit you and burn you, Their flak reaches far,
It's a long walk to Takhlī, And a beer at the bar.

DON'T SEND ME TO HANOI
(Winchester Cathedral)

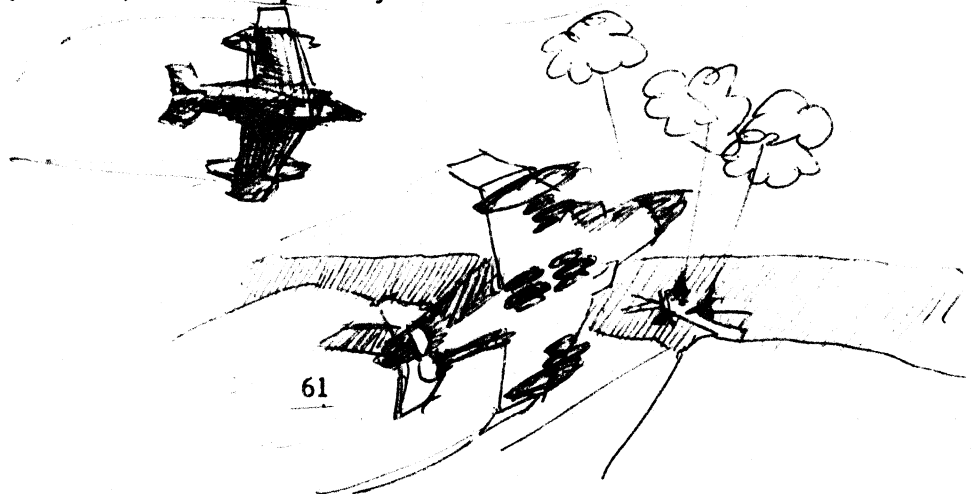
Don't send me to Hanoi, Don't put my name down.
The shooting is bad there, Don't send me downtown.

The bridges at Bac Giang, More milling around.
Another Brown Anchor, I think I'll leave town.

Don't send me to Yen Bai, I don't like that flak.
It takes too much damn gas, To bring my ass back.

Don't send me to Dong Hoi, I don't want to get none.
Those BUF support missions, They make my ass numb.

Just send me on milk runs, Where there are no big guns.
I just want to fly where, It's easy on my Bear.



12 DAYS OF COMBAT

On the first day of combat, the Air Force gave to me a pilot in a teak tree.

On the second day of combat ... two rocket pods.

On the third day of combat ... three fuel tanks.

On the fourth day of combat ... four GAR-8's.

On the fifth day of combat ... five thousand pounds.

On the sixth day of combat ... six seven-fifties.

On the seventh day of combat, Ho Chi gave to me seven SAMs a-singing.

On the eighth day of combat, Ho Chi ... eight flak sites firing.

On the ninth day of combat, Ho Chi ... nine MIGs a-diving.

On the tenth day of combat, the Air Force gave to me ten Sandys searching.

On the eleventh day of combat.... eleven choppers whirling.

On the twelfth day of combat ... twelve day a-waiting.

POP GOES THE WEASEL

Around and around the SAM site, the missile chased the Weasel.
Weasel got pissed, SAM got zapped. POP! goes the Weasel.

Lady Fingers did their job, Did more than just tease 'em.
The Russian techs got all pissed off. POP! goes the Weasel.

Willy Peter showed us where, To roll in to displease 'em.
One more pass with HEI, POP! goes the Weasel.

We look around for SAM sites, We grab their balls and squeege 'em.
They show their ass, we shoot it off. POP! goes the Weasel.

THE RED RIVER VALLEY

To the valley he said he was flying,
And he never saw the pay that he earned.
Many jocks have flown into the valley,
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission,
Tonight at the bar TEAK flight will sing.
But we're going to the Red River Valley,
And today you are flying my wing.

Oh, the flak is so thick in the valley,
That the MIGs and the missiles we don't need.
So fly high and down-sun in the valley,
And guard well the ass of TEAK lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the valley,
And the briefing that I gave you don't heed,
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton,
And it's fish heads and rice for TEAK lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley,
In the States it had always been fun,
But with thunder and lightning all around us,
'Twas the last AAR for TEAK one.

Oh, he flew through the flak toward the target,
With his bombs and his rockets,
But he never pulled out of the bomb run,
'Twas fatal for another TEAK lead.

So come and sit by my side at the briefing,
We will sit there and tickle the beads.
For we're going to the Red River Valley,
And my call sign today is TEAK lead!

*TEAK flight suffered the loss of its leader several flights in succession. The call sign was finally retired, honored by those who had used it.

THE DOUMER BRIDGE BLUES

They got a little place just wouth of the Ridge,
Name of the place is the Doumer Bridge.
You take the MIGs - I'll take the flak,
Come on, I'm gonna show you where it's at.

Struggled out of bed at half past three,
Flight Surgeon said, "You look bad to me!"
Walked on down, down to the line, Crew Chief said, "Baby, you're
Lookin' fine." Come on, I'll show you where it's at.

Struggled up the ladder and strapped in tight,
Crew chief said, "Hope to see you tonight."
Had some second thoughts about the mission ahead,
Thinking 'bout my baby waiting back in bed.

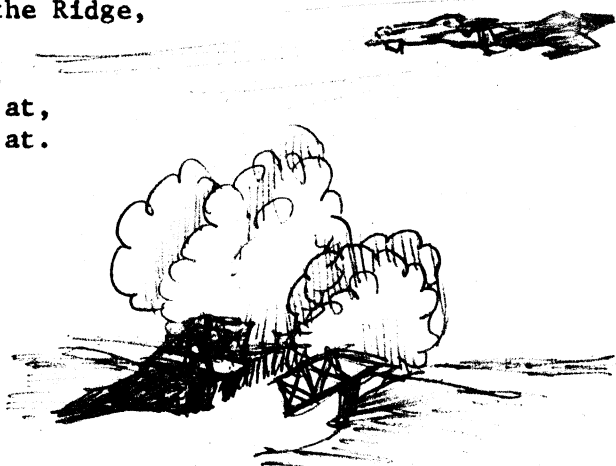
Shoved up the throttle, I was ready to go,
Prayin' for some weather - hurricane or snow.
Movin' down the runway in my heavy machine,
Lookin' for the anchor tanker known as Green.

Found the anchor tanker and took on gas,
No more easy counters like Mu Ghia Pass,
Hyperventilating as we crossed the Red,
Wishing all the more that I was back in bed.

The weather broke out with thirty miles to go,
Hit the Afterburner - I was going too slow,
Guns started shooting and the SAMs came up,
Beginning to wonder about my Six Alpha luck.

Saw the bridge ahead and rolled in fast,
This fighter jock's career is all down in the past,
Joined his drinking buddies in the Hall of Fame,
Never will the fighter jocks forget his name.

They got a little place just south of the Ridge,
Name of the place is the Doumer Bridge,
You take the MIGs - I'll take the flak,
Come on, I'm gonna show you where it's at,
Come on, I'm gonna show you where it's at.



REPUBLIC'S ULTRA HOG
(Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the jingle, the gruntin' and the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway, by the BAK-9 and the trees.
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in Republic's Ultra Hog.

We came up from old Korat one steamy summer day,
As we pitched up on the target you could hear all the gunners say,
"She's big and fat, and ugly; she's really quite a dog,
She's known around the country as Republic's Ultra Hog."

Here's to MacNamara, his name will always smell.
He'll always be remembered down in Fighter Pilot's Hell.
He frags all the targets and sends us out to die,
He sends us into combat in Republic's 105.

Listen to the jingle, the gruntin', and the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway by the BAK-9 and the trees.
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in Republic's Ultra Hog!!!

UP IN THAT VALLEY

Up in that valley, That valley so low,
Where the SAM missiles flourish, And the 85's glow.

The Thai Nguyen steel plant, The Hanoi rail yard,
The bridges at Bac Giang, They've played their trump card.

The Iron Hands they mill right, And the strike pilots fail.
The MIGs try to bounce us, But they always fail.

The MIG CAP, he hollers, "There's bandits at twelve!"
"Launch!", screams the Weasel. It's better in Hell.

The flak is a-burstin', Right next to my hide.
All I can hear is, "You're falling behind."

We're down on the bomb run, The target's in sight.
"Sweet Jesus," I'm thinking, "I'd better break right."

We're breaking for Thud Ridge, What a beautiful sight.
Oh, shit! I just noticed, An overheat light.

My heart is a-pumping, I know I'm not dead.
Please God, get this old Thud, Just out past the Red.

If I can just get past, That muddy old slough,
The Sandys and Jollys, Will pull me on through.

I'm past ninety-seven, And now I can boast,
The rest I can finish, Out over the coast.

Where the tankers don't matter, Although I must say,
Often I've seen it, Where they saved the day.

Up in that valley, That valley of grief-
I hope all your flights through it, Will always be brief.

Good-by to that valley, So long to Takhli.
Don't bust your ass buddy, I'm going home free.

THE BALLAD OF BERNIE FISHER
(Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the small arms, hear the 20 mike mike roar,
The A-1E's are bouncing off the A Shau Valley floor.
Hear the mighty roar of engines, hear the lonesome Hobo call,
"I'll get you home to mother when the works all done this fall."

"Listen, A Shau Tower," this is Hobo fifty-one,
"I want to use your runway, although it is overrun.
A friend of mine is down there, a-hiding in a ditch,
I want to make a passenger-stop, and save that son-of-a-bitch!"

Listen to the small arms, hear the 20 mike mike roar,
The A-1E's are bouncing off the A Shau Valley floor.
Hear the mighty roar of engines, hear the lonesome Hobo call,
"I'll get you home to mother when the work's all done this fall."

MIG-19

I t'ought I taw a MIG-19,
A'tweeping up on me.
I did, I did. I taw him,
As big as he could be!

I am that great big MIG-19,
Ivan's my name.
And if I catch that F-4,
I'll shoot him down in flames!

ONE HUNDRED MISSIONS
(When Johnny Comes Marching Home)

One hundred missions we have flown, aha, aha.
One hundred missions we have flown, aha, aha.
One hundred missions we have flown,
One hundred bridges we have blown,
But you can't return 'till Lyndon gives the word.

From one to one hundred we did count, aha, aha.
From one to one hundred we did count, aha, aha.
From one to one hundred we did count,
But now one-half or more don't count,
But you can't return 'till Lyndon gives the word.

They said they'd give us combat pay, aha, aha.
They said they'd give us combat pay, aha, aha.
They said they'd give us combat pay,
And then the bastards took it away,
But you can't return 'till Lyndon gives the word.

We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, aha, aha.
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, aha, aha.
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli,
Our hearts beat fast, we think we'll pee.
But you can't return 'till Lyndon gives the word.

The Weasels fly around alone, aha, aha.
The Weasels fly around alone, aha, aha.
The Weasels fly around alone,
With half a flight they head for home,
But you can't return 'till Lyndon gives the word.

The force rolls in amidst the flak, aha, aha.
The force rolls in amidst the flak, aha, aha.
The force rolls in amidst the flak,
One-half or more won't make it back.
But you can't return 'til Lyndon gives the word.

Not many will return alive, aha,aha,
Not many will return alive, aha,aha,
Not many will return alive,
Who flew the bloody one-oh-five.
But you can't return 'till Lyndon gives the word.

DOWNTOWN

When you get up at two o'clock in the morning,
You can bet you'll be - downtown.
Shaking your boots, you're sweating heavy all over,
Cause you get to go - downtown.

Smoke a pack of cigarettes before the briefing's over,
Wishing you weren't bombing, wishing you were flying cover,
It's safer that way -
It's hairy as hell down there -
You know you're biting your nails and you're pulling your hair,
You're going downtown - where all the lights are bright.
Downtown - you'd rather switch than fight,
Downtown - hope you'll come home tonight - downtown, downtown.
Planning the route, you keep hoping that you won't have to go
today - downtown.

Checking the weather and it's scattered to broken,
So you still don't know - downtown,
Waiting for the guys in TOC to say you're cancelled,
Hoping that the "words" they give will be what suits your fancy,
Don't make me go -
I'd much rather RTB.
And so you sit and you wait thinking, oh fuck shit hate,
I'm going downtown - that's why I'm feeling low,
Downtown - but I don't want to go,
Downtown - going to see Uncle Ho - downtown, downtown.

Pistol Force - burners now - Barracuda has sweeping guns,
Disregard the launch light, no threat. Like hell, there's
A pair at 3 o'clock - let's take her down!!!

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas, my DO gave to me, a Pave Knife in a
pear tree.

Second - 2 KB-18's.
Third - 3 LAU 3's.
Fourth - 4 CBU's.
Fifth - 5 MK 36's.
Sixth - 6 Sidewinders.
Seventh - 7 Frag changes.
Eighth - 8 Iron bombs.
Ninth - 9 Napes a-splashing.
Tenth - 10 tons of bombs.
Eleventh - 11 stacks of maps.
Twelvth - 12 Wing Wienies.

WILL THE MIGS COME OUT TO PLAY?
(My Indiana Home)

When the SAMs start rising from old Haiphong Harbor,
And the 85's start puffing at Kep Hay,
You will know your target's just around the mountain,
And you wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you reach your pull-up point and start you pop-up,
And the tracers seem to urge you on your way,
You see the bridge and as you start your roll-in,
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

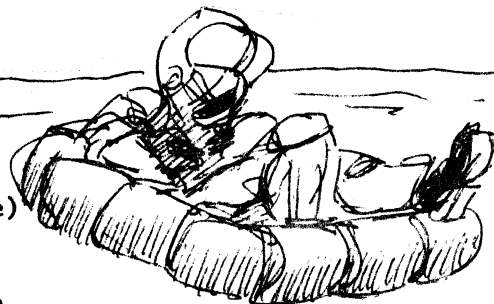
Oh, you've dropped your bombs and now you're off and running,
Jinking hard you're on your merry way,
And as you reach the jagged limestone ridges,
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've reached the coast and all the sea is friendly,
Your fuel is low, but not too low you say,
I can make it back to Korat nice and easy,
If only the MIGs don't come to play.

Oh, you start your climb and now you're resting easy,
A drink of water helps you on your way,
But a glint of light, a speck up high, and you know,
The MIGs have fin-al-ly come out to play.

Oh, your burner's lit, you're diving down, you're running,
But his overtake is much too great today,
In your dinghy bobbing on the Gulf of Tonkin,
You wish the MIGs just hadn't come to play!!

WILD WEASEL
(Sweet Betsy from Pike)



Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they call me by name.
I fly up on Thud Ridge and play the big game.
I fly o'er the valleys and hide 'hind the hills;
I dodge all the missiles, then go in for kills.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot fine bear!

Some weak guns, some weak guns; they're all off at one.
But don't worry fellows, for threats there are none.
There's a big one just looking at two o'clock now.
There's flak all around us. They're shooting, and how!
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot fine bear!

Keep moving, they're shooting. The target's at eight.
Go burner, now roll in, don't pull it off straight.
A missile! A missile! Let's take it on down.
Oh God, where's that bastard? My flight suit's turned brown.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot fine bear!

Now pull it up, pull up, and head for the sky.
The missile's at two, boys; now watch it sail by.
There's smoke from the SAM site out there in the grass.
Set 'em up hot, boys, and we'll nail his ass.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot fine bear!

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they've called me by name.
I flew o'er the fence, and I've won the big game.
One hundred, one hundred, I'm heading for home.
And over those damned hills I'll never more roam.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot fine bear!

HALLELUJAH

I was cruising at six angels in my Foxtrot 105,
Thinking 'bout the Poo-Ying back in the Takhli dive,
When a sudden burst of ack-ack was all around the sky,
I cried, "Oh, Lord, please help me. I'm too young to die."

CHORUS: Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Here's a tanker full of gas
To save a fighter pilot's ass.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Put your gas-hole on the boom
And you'll be saved.

So I squawked my parrot MAYDAY and called up GCI,
Asking for a tanker to keep me in the sky.
Well, the Airman-third controller said, "Please don't go away.
Let me call up Seventh to see if it's okay."

Then a friendly tanker pilot called out, "Fighter jock, no sweat,
I've got half a jug of coffee, so I'm not bingo yet.
If you get a vector to me, I'll be glad to pass some gas.
Turn your twenty mike-mike off, and don't shoot up my ass."

It was really getting hairy as I sped my old Thud south.
I could feel the cotton rising all inside my mouth.
Then I saw the silver tanker and gave a happy shout.
Then I saw the drogue behind, and started punching out!

SHIT HOT FROM KORAT
(Sweet Betsy From Pike)

When this base opened and all things were new,
The jocks had a need for somebody to screw,
When up jumped this girl and said, "For five baht."
"I'm Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat."

CHORUS: It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat,
Chum Chim the jocks screwed a lot,
It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat,
Chum Chim the whore from Korat that's shit hot.

Standing or sitting she's good anyway,
That's what the jocks at Korat always say,
They can't understand why her crotch doesn't rot,
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

A very young jock that first opened her box,
Became her pimp and later got shot,
But still couldn't tie the marital knot,
To Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

She's good in a hammock but better in bed,
That's what the jocks from Kadena have said,
Some left their wives, believe it or not,
For Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

She was a jewel to the pilots from TAC,
When they had the honor to lay in her rack,
They never forgot that dirty old twat,
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

With F-4C crews she never had trouble,
Once she learned how to take them on double,
Though it was daylight, it bothered her not,
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

When she met the Weasels she sure had the knack,
One in the front and the other in back,
She liked this arrangement, it doubled her baht,
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.



THE BROWN & GREEN SWING-WING MACHINE

Does flying by yourself up front just get you down,
Are you all tensed up and nervous when you ride,
Do you have a second thought just before you leave the ground,
Would you rather have a buddy by your side?
Well, there's no need to complain, we'll eliminate your pain,
We can neutralize your brain, you'll feel just fine...now...
Fly a brown and green, swing-wing machine.

Do the combat tactics air-to-air make you afraid,
The upper atmosphere is cold and blue,
If you get shot down because of a lazy pass you made,
Would you rather take your cockpit down with you,
Are you worried and distressed, can't seem to get no rest?
Put our product to the test, you'll feel just fine...now...
Fly a brown and green, swing-wing machine.

Do you nervously await the blows of cruel fate,
Does turnin' hard just drive you up the wall,
Are you tired of comin' in early and then goin' home late,
Are you lookin' for a way to chuck it all?
We can end your daily strife, at a reasonable price,
You've seen it advertised in LIFE, you'll feel just fine...now..
Fly a brown and green, swing-wing machine.

You'd better hurry up and get you one,
Our limited supply is very nearly gone.

PUFF, THE TRAGIC WAGON

Puff, the tragic wagon, came across the sea,
Conceited turds in gooney birds, they came to kill VC.

The VC shook in terror whenever they appeared,
The mini ones with miniguns a-sticking out their rear.

Puff, the tragic wagon, at Danang by the sea,
Though Rinkelman is number one, his waist is 63.

The FC-47 flies all afternoon,
Half a day of boredom in that silly fucking goon!

ESCORTING A SPECTRE

As I was escorting a Spectre one evening,
And we were in orbit 'round Delta one one,
A non-Christian gomer who didn't speak English,
Was shooting at us with a communist gun.

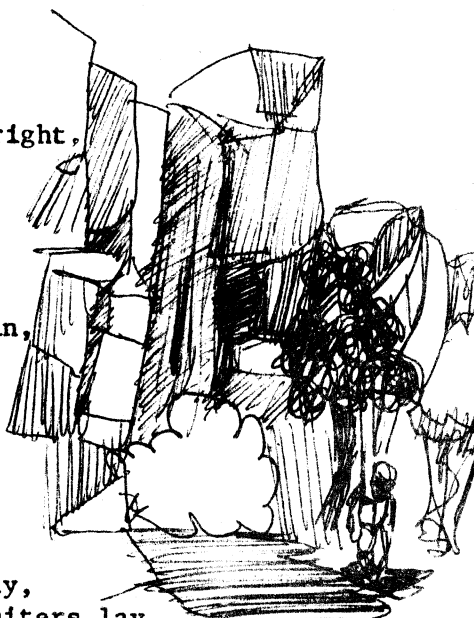
His markmanship showed he had his shit together,
He watered our eyes on the very first pass,
That non-Christian gomer who didn't speak English,
The son-of-a-bitch had balls made out of brass.

The Spectre TV was locked on his location,
Their music was playing a symphony sweet,
The non-Christian gomer who didn't speak English,
Was soon to receive a magnificent treat.

We trolled over the gun pit with lights bright and flashing,
He hosed at our ass as we jinked left and right,
The non-Christian gomer who didn't speak English,
Was going to be sorry he fired that night.

We started our bomb pass from twenty-one thousand,
The sword locked up fast and the cross hairs were right,
We pickled our bombs and started our pull off,
The Demon was loose to wreck havoc that night.

That non-Christian gomer who didn't speak English,
Kept shooting at us till the LGB hit,
He won't shoot no more, Kup, and that is for certain,
The MK-84 guided right into the pit!



LAOTIAN WATERFALL

Beside a Laotian waterfall, one bright and sunny day,
Beside their shattered Phantom jet, the young pursuiters lay,
Their parachutes hung from a nearby tree, they were not yet quite dead.
So listen to the very last words the young pursuiters said:
"We're going to a better land where everything is bright;
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles; 4,5,6 every night.
We haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing,
The crow chiefs are all women, oh Death, where is thy sting?
Oh, Death, where is thy sting, ting-a-ling,
Oh, Death, where is thy sting?
The bells of Hell will ring, ting-a-ling,

For YOU but not for me.
Oh, ring-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass,
Ring-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass,
Ring-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass,
Better days are coming, bye and bye.

IF YOU FLY

If you fly an Eighty-nine,
You must be deaf, dumb, and blind,
For your life ain't worth a dime,
What's your scheduled blow-up time?

CHORUS: Did you go BOOM today?
Did you go BOOM today?
Two more blew up yesterday,
G.E. ain't here to stay!

If you fly a Ninety-four,
You will never holler no more,
For your lot we do not pine,
It's better than an Eighty-nine.

If you fly an Eighty-six,
You will really get your kicks,
Bouncing those sub-sonic boys,
Playing with their radar toys.

If you fly a 101,
Tell yourself it's really fun,
One day it will pitch up with you,
And you will wish you never flew.

If you fly a 102,
Don't go up unless it's blue,
For if you feel one drop of rain,
You'll be in pieces not a plane.

If you fly a 104,
The whole world flocks to your door,
Range is short, the wings don't last,
But, golly, it sure does fly fast.

If you fly a Thunderchief,
You will soon shake like a leaf,
Flying it may make you sick,
It handles like a great big brick.

If you fly a Phantom Two,
Your flying days will soon be through,
It flies at twice the speed of sound,
If you can get it off the ground.

CHOCOLATE-COVERED NAPALM

Oh, Chocolate-covered napalm is raining from the sky,
Chocolate-covered napalm is made for you and I.
It's so much fun to drop it and here's the reason why:
When it finally hits the ground, it makes the people fry.

CHORUS: Git along home, Ho Chi Minh,
Git along home, Ho Chi Minh,
Git along home, Ho Chi Minh,
We'll see you bye and bye.

Oh, Hershey made the first bid with Nestles close behind,
For chocolate-covered napalm the brand was hard to find,
But Milky Way was chosen, they said it was the best,
The jelly-centered filling will handle all the rest.

Now, Ho Chi Minh is happy like the kiddies on the street,
For chocolate-covered napalm is their favorite treat,
It has a special flavor, a one you can't forget,
So place your orders now, boys, the stuff is hard to get.

The weather it can't stop us, in rain or sleet or snow,
We must make our delivery to the land of Uncle Ho,
With four big loads of napalm, all tucked beneath our wings,
It makes you feel like Santa Claus and all the joy he brings.

Rockets, bombs, and mike-mike is the normal load,
Pulling off at 45, then watch them all explode,
They really do the job now, except for one small thing,
Napalm does it better than any other thing.

When you punch it off the rails now, it tumbles and it rolls,
The flight path undetermined because it falls so slow,
Though pin-point bombs and accuracy is our main desire,
Napalm covers half the world with smoke and fumes and fire.

BAWDY

ROWDY

SONGS

LUPEE #1

Down in cunt valley where red rivers flow,
Where cocksuckers flourish and whoremongers grow;
T'was there I met Lupee, the girl I adore...
She's my hot fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.

CHORUS: She'll roll you, She'll blow you, She'll gnaw at your nuts;
She'll wrap her legs round you and squeeze out your guts;
She'll wrap her legs round you till you think you'll die...
Oh, I'd rather eat Lupee than blueberry pie!

She got her first piece at the young age of eight,
While swinging one day on the old garden gate;
The crossbar went out and the upright went in...
Ever since she has lived in a welter of sin.

Now Lupee, dear Lupee, lies dead in her tomb,
The worms crawl out of her decomposed womb;
The smile on her face is a mute cry for more...
She's my hot fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.



LUPEE #2

I was down in Laredo out drinking one night,
I was hitting the high spots and doing all right.
There I saw a floor show with Lupee as the star,
She was fuckin' the major on top of the bar.

Her knees were all bloody, he had sores on his toes,
Sweat poured from his balls and it dripped from his nose.
From Lupee the laughter was pouring in peals,
As she clawed him and pounded his ass with her heels.

Said Lupee disgusted, "Ain't none of you cocks,
That can fuck for ten minutes without blowing your rocks?"
She stood there defiant with a gleam in her eye,
As a long, lanky Texan unbuttoned his fly.

Her gleam didn't wilt when he showed her his cock,
It was seventeen inches from bottom to top.
Said he, "Stand back, gentlemen, and let me on through,
Cause this is where Lupee meets her Waterloo!"

The bar was of marble and it was well built,
But it shuddered and groaned as he drove to the hilt.
"Viva le Mexico!" Lupee she cried,
"Remember the Alamo!" the Texan replied.

For three solid hours she begged him for more,
They fell off the bar and they fucked on the floor.
From the floor to the sidewalk to the street they did fuck,
Right into the path of an oncoming truck.

The airhorn it bellowed, the trailer brakes locked,
But neither Lupee, the Texan, nor truck could be stopped.
The bartender said with a gleam in his eye,
"I guess in all fairness, we'll call it a tie!"

Now down in Laredo a statue is seen,
But most of the tourists, they think it's obscene.
Only the few who were there understand,
There's no finer tribute to woman or man.

Oh, she'll fuck you, she'll suck you, she'll nibble your nuts,
And if you're not careful, she'll suck out your guts.
Now that there was Lupee, the girl I adore,
She's a hot fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.

CREEPING AND CRAWLING

One night as I was crawling and creeping, creeping, creeping,
I spied a young maiden so peacefully sleeping.
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more.

I said to her, "Can I come to bed with you?"
And then she replied, "You're not handcuffed or tied!"
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more.

Her drawers were tight and I could not get in them,
And then she replied, "There's a knife on the table!"
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more.

The knife was sharp and her drawers split asunder,
And then we were banging like lightning and thunder.
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more.

In about nine months lay the poor maid asunder,
And then she remembered the lightning and thunder.
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more.

KATHUSELEM

In ancient days there lived a maid,
Who used to ply a filthy trade,
A prostitute of ill repute,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

CHORUS: Hi Ho Kathuselem, the harlot of Jerusalem,
Hi Ho Kathuselem, the daughter of the Rabbi.

Kathuselem's snatch was bold and bare,
Upon her gash there grew no hair,
For hair won't grow on a thoroughfare,
Like the snatch of old Kathuselem.

Kathuselem's cunt was round and red,
For forty years it had not bled,
It smelled as though it had been dead,
Since the founding of Jerusalem.

Now Kathuselem was a wily witch,
A goddamn fucking son of a bitch,
And every pecker that had the itch,
Had dangled in Kathuselem.

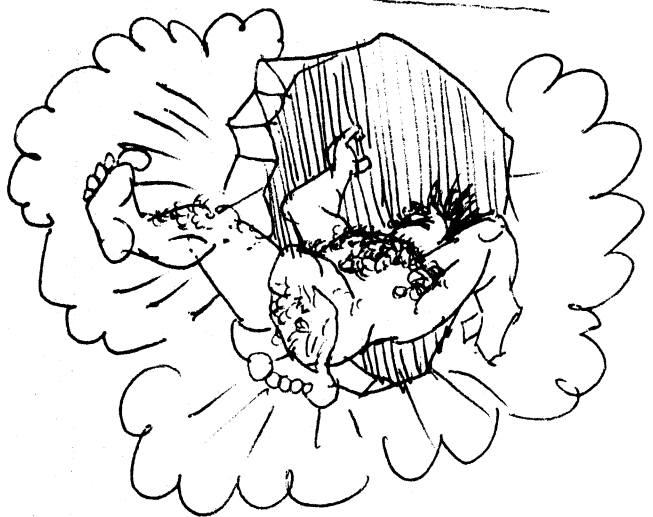
Next door there lived a giant tall,
His prick of steel could smash a wall,
His balls hung down like basketballs,
The giant of old Jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree,
A quite consistent jubilee,
His balls hung down like basketballs,
He chanced to cross Kathuselem.

And so he challenged her to fuck,
And wishing her the best of luck,
He led her to a shady nook,
And there unfurled his mighty hook.

This giant of old was underslung,
He missed her cunt and hit her bung,
And with his giant pecker stung,
The pride of all Jerusalem.

Kathuselem she knew her art,
She cocked her ass and blew a fart,
She blew him like a bloody dart,
Through the walls of old Jerusalem.



And there he lay a broken mass,
His cock all bent with shit and gas,
And Kathuselem got up and wiped her ass,
All over the walls of Jerusalem.

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

Then up and spoke a sailor's wife,
And she was dressed in green,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had a submarine.
She had a submarine, my boys,
With conning tower complete,
And in the other corner she had half the fucking fleet.

CHORUS: She had those dark and dreamy eyes,
With a whiz bang up her mighty,
Singing, Hi Jack, come and have a skin back,
Come and have a bang at Liza, singing
Old soldiers never die, they just smell that way.

Then up and spoke the gunner's wife,
And she was full of fun,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had a vickers gun.
She had a vickers gun, my boys,
With the breech lock and the sear,
And in the other corner she had provisions for a year.

Then up and spoke the skipper's wife,
She was dressed in black,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had a fishing smack.
She had a fishing smack, my boys,
The oarlocks and the oars,
And in the other corner she had bags and bags of sores.

Then up and spoke the pilot's wife,
And she was chewing gum,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had a fifty-one.
She had a fifty-one, my boys,
Two napalms and six guns,
And in the other corner she had rockets by the tons.

THE PORTIONS OF A WOMAN

The portions of a woman that appeal to man's depravity,
Are fashioned with considerable care,
And what at first appears to be a harmless little cavity,
Is really an elaborate affair.

Doctors of distinction have examined the abdomena
Of various experimental dames,
And have listed the components of these womanly phenomena,
And given them most charming Latin names.

There's the clitoris, the vagina, the vulva, perinoum,
And the hymen in the case of certain brides,
Delightful small devices you would love if you could see 'em,
There's a hundred other little things besides.

Isn't it a pity then, that when we poor men chatter
Upon the things to which I have referred,
We use for what is really a most complicated matter,
Such a short and unattractive little word.

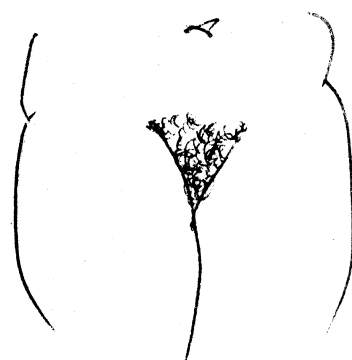
THE REPLY:

The erudite authorities who study the geography,
Of these remote but interesting lands,
Are able to indulge their taste for intimate topography,
And view the scenic details close at hand.

But while we lesser mortals are aware of the existence,
Of mysteries beneath the pubic knoll,
We're normally contented to survey them at a distance,
And treat them, roughly speaking, as a (W) hole.

But when we are confronted with some morsel of virginity,
We exercise a gentle sense of touch.
We do not cloak the matter in meticulous Latinity,
But call the whole affair a such and such.

Men have made this useful but inelegant commodity,
The subject of innumerable jibes,
And while the name we call it by is something of an oddity,
It seems to fit the subject it describes.



ASSHOLES ARE CHEAP TODAY

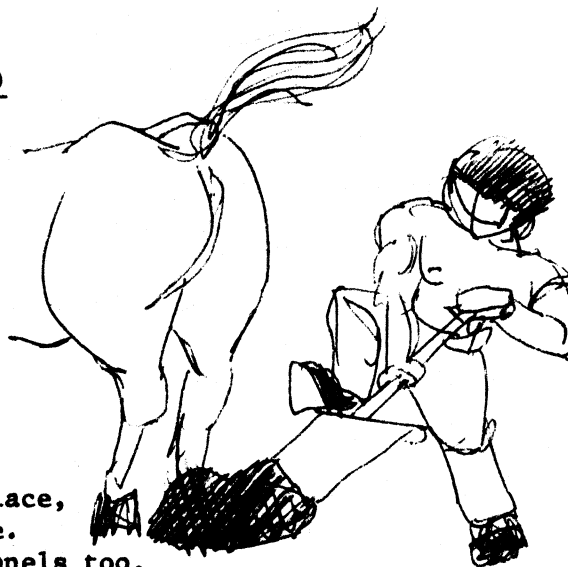
Assholes are cheap today,
Cheaper than yesterday.
Little boys are half a crown,
Standing up or lying down.
Bigger boys are three and six,
Cause they have bigger dicks.
Won't somebody buy my assholes?
Assholes, Assholes,
A--ssholes.

THAT MAY BE SO

That may be so, but I don't know,
It sounds mighty queer.
That may be so, but I don't know,
That Bullshit don't go here.

OLD KUNSAN

They say that old Kunsan is a wonderful place,
But the organization's a horrible disgrace.
There's captains and majors and light colonels too,
With their hands in their pockets and fuck all to do.
They stand on the ramp and they scream and they shout.
They shout about things they know fuck all about.
For all of their good they just might as well be
A'shoveling shit on the Isle of Capri.



OKINAWA

It was fat in old Manila, It was fat in Tokyo,
But that goddamn Okinawa is the fattest place I know.
You can sit on Naha Airstrip any hour of any day,
You can watch those 86's as they crash into the bay.
You can take your coral beaches, You can take your velvet grass,
You can take that Okinawa and shove it up your ass.

IVAN SKAVINSKI SKAVAR

Oh, the harems of Egypt are fair to behold,
And the maidens the fairest of the fair.
The fairest, a Greek, was owned by a sheik,
One Abdul Abbulbal Amer.

A traveling brothel was brought into town,
By a Russian who came from afar,
And a challenge went wide, as to who could outride,
Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

Now Abdul rode by with his hand on his fly,
And his balls hanging low with desire,
And he wagered a million that he could outride,
Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

So this spectacle great was all set for a date,
Twas to be refereed by the Czar,
And the streets were all lined to see harlots entwined,
With Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

They met at the track with their tools hanging slack,
And the starters gun punctured the air,
They were quick on the rise, people gasped at the size,
Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

The cunts were all shorn and no rubbers were worn,
And Abdul revved up like a car,
But he hadn't a hope against the long greasy strokes,
Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

Now when Ivan had won and was cleaning his gun,
He bent down to pick up his pair,
Then something red hot, up his rear track was shot,
And Abdul the bastard was there.

Then the harlots all screamed and the people yelled queen,
They were ordered apart by the Czar,
But so fast were they stuck, it was fucking bad luck,
For Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

The cream of the joke when at last they were broke,
It was laughed at for years by the Czar,
For Abdul, the fool, had left half his tool,
In Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

NICE BOY

He's such a nice boy, he wears a watch on his wrist,
He's such a nice boy, he's never been kissed;
When he saw Rudolph Valentino in "Blood and Sand,"
He stood up and shouted, "Christ! What a man!"

He's such a nice boy, with his pretty red tie,
And his hair was a vaseline shine,
He's never been a sailor, and he's never been to sea,
How he knows so many sailors is a mystery to me.
He's such a nice boy, he's such a nice boy,
Thank God, he's no relation of mine.

FELLARS OF US-TRALIA

Fellars of Us-tralia,
Blokes and coves and coots,
Shift your bloody carcasses,
Move your bloody boots.
Gird your bloody loins up,
Grab your bloody gun,
Jump the bloody enemy
And watch the bugger run.

Get the bloody move on,
Have some bloody sense;
Learn the bloody art of
Self de bloody fense.

Fellars of Us-tralia,
Cobbers, chaps, and mites,
Hear the bloody enemy
Kicking at the gites.
Blow the bloody bugle,
Beat the bloody drum,
Uppercut and out the cow
To Kingdom bloody come.

Get the bloody move on,
Have some bloody sense;
Learn the bloody art of
Self de bloody fense.



THE HAMBURG ZOO

CHORUS: Oh, we're off to the Hamburg zoo,
To see the elephants and the kangaroos,
We'll all be together,
In fair or stormy weather,
We're off to the Hamburg zoo.

The Alligator:

Over here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the al-i-gat-or,
Each year the female al-i-gat-or swims upstream and lays one million eggs,
The male al-i-gat-or follows her upstream and eats 999,999 of those eggs,
Why does he eat all those eggs?
Otherwise we'd be up to our ass in al-i-gat-ors.

The Leopard:

Over here we have the Le-o-pard,
The Le-o-pard who has one spot for every day of the year,
Lift up the Le-o-pards tail and show the lady the 24th of November.

The Tight-skinned Owl:

Here we have the tight-skinned owl,
Whose skin is so tight that everytime he blinks his eyes he masturbates
himself,
Little boys have been known to jack him off by throwing sand in his eyes.

The Orangatang:

Here we have the O-rang-a-tang,
The O-rang-a-tang whose balls hang so low that everytime he swings
from tree to tree his balls go O-rang-a-tang.

The Ki Ki Bird:

Over here ladies and gentlemen, we have the Ki Ki Bird,
The Ki Ki Bird who flies in ever-decreasing circles until he flies
up his own asshole,
The Ki Ki Bird can be distinguished by his inimitable cry, Ki Ki
Ki-rist, it's dark in here.

The Lost Tribe of Africa:

Here we have the lost tribe of Africa,
The lost tribe of Africa who wandered lost in the jungle for many a year,
The lost tribes cry could be heard in the jungle, "Fuga we, Fuga we,
where the Fug are we?"

The Horny Bird:

The female horny bird can be distinguished by her cry,
Want Some, Want Some, Want Some,
And the male horny bird by his cry,
Here it tis, Here it is, Here it is.

POOR BUT HONEST

She was poor, but she was honest,
The victim of a rich man's whim,
When she met a rich old gentleman,
And she had a child by him.

Now he sits in the Legislature,
Making laws for all mankind,
While she walks the streets of Austin,
Selling chunks of her behind.

It's the rich that gets the pleasure,
It's the poor that gets the blame,
It's the same the whole world over,
Isn't that a goddamn shame?

COLUMBO

In Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-Two,
A dago from I-taly,
Walked the streets of old Madrid,
And pissed in every alley,
All night long, from midnight on.

He walked up to the Queen of Spain,
And asked for ships and cargo.
He said, "I'll be a son-of-a-bitch
If I don't bring back Chicago."
All night long, from midnight on.

CHORUS: He thought the world was round-o,
His balls hung to the ground-o,
That navigatin' masturbatin'
Son-of-a-bitch Columbo.

Columbo had a cabin boy,
The dirty little dipper.
He lines his ass with broken glass,
And circumcised the skipper.
All night long, from midnight on.

Columbo had a second mate,
He loved him like a brother.
They went down below the deck,
And corn-holed one another.
All night long, from midnight on.

CHORUS:

For forty days and forty nights,
They sailed the blue Atlantic.
They spied a whore upon the shore,
And the whole damn crew went frantic.
All night long, from midnight on.

They screwed her once,
They screwed her twice.
They screwed her once too often.
They broke the main spring in her ass,
And now she's in her coffin,
All night long, from midnight on.

CHORUS:

CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS

Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,
Cats with the syphilis, cats with the piles,
Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles,
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Hippopotamus, so it seems, very seldom has wet dreams,
But when he does, he comes in streams,
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Down in the pampas, down in the grass,
Mamma armadillo has an iron bound ass, but papa armadillo has a prick of brass,
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Way down south, where the alligators roar,
There isn't such a thing as an alligator whore,
Because all the alligators are too sore,
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Now the donkey on the common is a jolly old bloke,
He very, very seldom gets a poke,
But when he does, he lets it soak,
As we revel in the joys of copulation.



ICE ON THE RICE

When the ice is on the rice in old Tsuiki,
And the saki in the cellar starts to freeze,
When you turn to her and say, "My darling dozo",
Then you're turning just a skoshi Nipponese.

THE GAY CABALERO

Oh, I'm a gay cabalero coming from Rio Janiero,
Bringing with me my lum bum ba de,
And two of my lum bum ba deros.

I went to see a sweet senorita,
An exceedingly sweet senorita,
Taking with me my lum bum ba de,
And both of my lum bum ba deros.

We went to a soft sofita,
An exceedingly soft sofita.
She wanted to see my lum bum ba de,
And both of my lum bum ba deros.

I got a case of clapetos,
An exceedingly bad case of clapetos,
On the tip of my lum bum ba de,
And one of my lum bum ba deros.

I went to see a medico,
An exceedingly fine medico,
Taking with me my lum bum ba de,
And both of my lum bum ba deros.

The medico drew a stiletto,
An exceedingly sharp stiletto,
And cut off the tip of my lum bum ba de,
And one of my lum bum ba deros.

Now I'm a sad cabalero,
Coming from Rio Janiero,
Taking with me no lum bum ba de,
And only one lum bum ba dero.

Last night as I laid on my pillow,
I wanted to play with my willow,
But all I find is a hand full of hair,
And only one lum bum ba dero.

O'REILLEY'S DAUGHTER

As I was sitting at O'Reilley's Bar,
Listening to tales of blood and slaughter,
Came a thought into my mind,
Why not shag O'Reilley's daughter?

CHORUS: Fiddle-I-E Fiddle-I-O,
Fiddle-I-E for the one ball O'Reilley,
Rubby dub dub, jig balls and all.
Rubby dub dub shag on.

I grabbed that she-bitch by the hair,
Then I threw my left leg over.
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more,
Shagged and shagged till the fun was over.

There came a knock upon my door,
Who should it be but her goddamn father.
Two horse pistols by his side,
Looking for the man who shagged his daughter.

I grabbed that bastard by the hair,
Shoved his head in a pail of water,
Shoved those pistols up his ass,
A damn sight farther than I shagged his daughter.

Now as I go walking down the street,
People shout from every corner,
There goes the dirty son-of-a-bitch,
The one who shagged O'Reilley's daughter.

OLD MAN'S LAMENT

Now I'm old and feeble,
My pilot light is out.
What used to be my sex appeal,
Is now my water spout.

I used to be embarrassed,
To make the thing behave.
For every single morning,
It would stand and watch me shave.

But now I'm growing older,
And it sure gives me the blues,
To have the thing hang down my leg,
And watch me shine my shoes.

ALEXIS OF TEXAS
(Heart of Texas)

There came out to the range,
A cowboy kind of strange.
His name, it was Alexis.
He was big and strong,
But there was something wrong.
Alexis had no sexes.

When he roped cattle,
He would ride sidesaddle,
Deep in the heart of Texas.
He even had a steer,
Who acted kind of queer,
Deep in the heart of Texas.

He'd say Yippee-Yi-Yay,
I'm the Queen of the May,
Deep in the heart of Texas.
When he went out to ride,
He wore "Chanel Number Five",
Alexis with no sexes.

WING HEADQUARTERS

Wing Headquarters - That's the spot - 28 colonels, that's a lot!
If you're a bird colonel with nothin' to do,
Wing Headquarters is the place for you - chicken, chicken, chicken.

THE B-47

Oh, the B-47 flies at 40,000 feet, Oh, the B-47 flies at 40,000 feet,
Oh, the B-47 flies at 40,000 feet, But it only carries one little
teensy-weensy bomb.
All the rest is toilet paper, all the rest is toilet paper,
All the rest is toilet paper, but it only carries one little
teensy-weensy bomb.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

The first time I saw her she was all dressed in white,
All in white, all in white, My God, her cunt was tight,
Down in the valley, where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in brown,
All in brown, all in brown, I took her nickers down,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in green,
All in green, all in green, I filled her soup tureen,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in fawn,
All in fawn, all in fawn, two little bastards born,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in red,
All in red, all in red, two little bastards dead,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in black,
All in black, all in black, boards nailed across her crack,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

MY FAMILY

Have you met my Uncle Hector?
He's a cock and ball inspector,
At a celebrated English public school.
And my brother sells French letters,
And a patent cure for wetters.
We're not the best of families, ain't it cruel?
My little sister Lily is a whore in Piccadilly,
My mother is another on the Strand.
My father hawks his arse hole
Round the Elephant and Castle.
We're the finest fuckin' family in the land.
There's a gentlemen's convenience
A short way down the Strand,
And the ladies' is a little further on.
For a penny on deposit, you can sit upon the closet,
But a season's ticket costs you half a crown.

HUMORESQUE

Passengers will please refrain,
From flushing the toilets while the train
Is standing in the station, I love you
As we go strolling through the park
And gooseing shadows in the dark.
If Sherman's horse can take it, why can't you?

You're the guy that did the pushing,
Put the wet spots on the cushion,
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.
Ever since you met my daughter,
She's had trouble passing water.
Wish that you had never come to town.

I'm the guy that did the pushing,
Put the wet spots on the cushion,
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.
Ever since I met your daughter Venus,
I've had trouble with my penis.
Wish I'd never seen this goddamn town.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

That louse of a boarder,
Who else could it be?
While I was away at work,
That lousy jerk filled in for me.
Oh, I didn't get angry,
Though it's driving me wild,
For he may be the father of my only child.

Oh, the baby's first words were, "Manana".
It was then I could plainly see,
That it was a real mexicana,
And there's no Spanish blood in me.

Oh, I stabbed that boarder.
I stabbed him that day.
I cut him from the Rio Grande to the Santa Fe.
I cut off his boleros.
Now he'll never play,
South of the border, in a Mexican way.

RING DANG DOO

When I was young and sweet sixteen,
I met a girl from New Orleans.
Oh, she was young and pretty too,
She had what you call a ring-dang-doo.

A ring-dang-doo, pray, what is that?
It's round and soft like a pussy cat.
It's round and soft and split in two,
That's what you call a ring-dang-doo.

She took me up into her bed.
She placed her tits beneath my head.
And then she took my hickey-floo,
And placed it in her ring-dang-doo.

Now six months later she began to swell.
She swelled and swelled 'till she looked like hell.
She told her ma and her father too,
That I took a crack at her ring-dang-doo.

Her father said, "You filthy whore,
You've gone and lost your maiden's lore.
Pack up your bag and your nighty too,
And make a living from your ring-dang-doo.

She went to the city to become a whore.
She hung a sign upon her door.
Five dollars now, nothing else will do,
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo.

And the fellers came and the fellers went,
And the price went down to fifteen cents.
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do,
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo.

And then one day a son-of-a-bitch,
He had the crabs and the jockey itch,
He had the syph and diarrhea, too,
And he took a crack at her ring-dang-doo.

They hung her tits in the city hall,
They pickled her ass in alcohol.
Now all you bums and hobos, too,
You've heard my tale of the ring-dang-doo.

So they buried her near the city hall,
And they engraved upon the wall,
"She's learned her lesson and you should too,
Just stay away from the ring-dang-doo!"

THREE WHORES FROM CANADA JUNCTION

Three whores walked down from Canada Junction,
Full of brandy and wine.
The topic of conversation was,
Your cunt's no bigger than mine.

CHORUS: Roly, poly, tickly my holey,
Slippery slimey slue,
Rattle your nuts across my guts.
I'm one of the whorey crew.

The first old whore got up and said,
"My cunt's as big as the air.
The birds fly in and the birds fly out,
And never touch a hair."

The second whore got up and said,
"My cunt's as big as the moon.
A man went in in January,
And didn't come out till June."

The third old whore got up and said,
"Man, you're all talking balls,
Cause when I have my periods
It's like Niagra Falls."

FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING

Twas on the good ship Venus; my God, you should have seen us.
The figurehead was a whore in bed, and the mast a rampant penis.

CHORUS: Frigging in the rigging, frigging in the rigging.
Frigging in the rigging, frigging in the rigging.

The Captain of this lugger, he was a dirty bugger.
He wasn't fit to shovel shit from one place to another.

The first mate's name was Morgan; my God, he was a gorgon,
Ten times a day he used to play upon his sexual organ.

The second mate's name was Andy, he was so young and randy,
They boiled his bun in steaming rum for coming in the brandy.

The Midshipman's name was Nipper, he was a dirty ripper.
He filled his ass with broken glass, and circumsized the skipper.

The Captain's wife was Mable, whenever she was able,
She'd fornicate with the second mate, upon the galley table.

The Captain had a daughter, who fell into the water.
Delighted squeals revealed the eels had found her sexual quarter.

The crew they were hard cases, you could see it in their faces.
They took to frigging in the rigging, for want of better places.

So drunk with exultation, we reached our China station,
And sunk a junk in a sea of spunk, caused by mutual masturbation.

FORESKIN FUGITIVES

Eyes right, assholes tight, foreskins to the front,
We're the boys who make no noise, we're always chasing cunt,
We are the fliers of the night, we'd rather fuck than fight,
We are the foreskin fugitives.

OH, MY GOD

Oh, my God, we've all done wrong,
We've all been drunk for so goddamn long,
And we don't give a Jesus if it rains, hails or freezes,
Let the old man say what he goddamn pleases,
We're just a bunch of shitsters, a bunch of booze-histers,
FIGHTER PILOTS ALL!

STYLES

(When we Smiles)

There are styles that show the ankle,
There are styles that show the knee,
There are styles that have the boys all wondering,
Just what the girls are gonna let us see,
There are styles that have a tender meaning,
That the eyes of men alone can see,
But the style that Eve wore in the garden,
Is the style that appeals to me.

MOTHER HUMBERS BALL

Oh, there's gonna be a ball at the Mother Humpers Ball.
The witches and the bitches gonna be there all.
Now honey don't be late, cause they're passin' out pussy,
about half past eight.
Now I've humped in France and I've humped in Spain,
I've been humpin' on the coast of Maine.
But the best piece I ever saw,
Was when I humped my mother-in-law,
Last Saturday night at the Mother Humpers Ball.

IT'S TRAGIC

You smile, your teeth fall out; your hair smells like sauerkraut,
It's Tragic.
The bugs desert the air and rush to nestle in your hair,
It's Tragic.
It takes one look to know you have no charms,
You're just a bag of bones with long surrounding arms,
Your eyes are big and round.
There's one that's blue and one that's brown,
It's Tragic.
You part your hair in place, and it keeps sliding down your face,
It's Tragic.
And as I tell myself that these things that happen are not really true,
Yet in my heart I know the tragedy is really you.

REMEMBER

Remember the night, when you were tight, my darling, remember,
When I was on heat, and said you might, my darling, remember,
Remember you found a tender spot, right in the middle of my twat..
You said you'd withdraw before you shot,
But you forgot to remember.

OLD BEER BOTTLES



It was only an old beer bottle floating on the foam,
It was only an old beer bottle ten thousand miles from home,
Inside was a piece of paper with these words written on,
"Whoever finds this bottle will find the beer all gone!"

FATHER'S GRAVE
(Picadilly Underground)

Oh, they're digging up father's grave to build a sewer,
And they're going at the job at no expense,
They're disturbing his remains to make way for outhouse drains,
To satisfy some brand new resident, Gor Blimey!
Now Father in his day was never a quitter,
And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now.
He'll dress up in white sheets and haunt those outhouse seats,
And no one there will sit but he allows, Gor Blimey!
Now won't there be some bloody constipation,
And won't those bloody bastards rant and rave,
Which is more than they deserve for having the bloody nerve,
To bugger about with a British workman's grave.

HAVE YOU TRIED YESSUP?

Have you tried Yessup,
The best breakfast in the land?
Have you tried Yessup,
The best breakfast food in the land?
Delicious, nutritious, the whole day through.
Jack Hard-on never tires of it, and neither will you.
Oh, have you tried Yessup,
The best breakfast food in the land?
Yessup spelled backwards is PUSSY,
Spelled sideways is Slurp-slurp.

FUNCTION JUNCTION

Are you from Function? From Function Junction?
Where those double suction function pumps are made,
Are you from Function? From Function Junction?
That's where I want to be.

If you're having trouble and your water is low,
A double suction function pump will soon make it go,
Are you from Function? From Function Junction?
Well, I'm from Function too.

OH, IT'S BEER, BEER, BEER

Oh, it's beer, beer, beer,
That makes you want to cheer,
In the Corps, in the Corps.
Oh, it's beer, beer, beer,
That makes you want to cheer,
In the U.S. Air, U.S. Air Corps.

CHORUS: My eyes are dim, I cannot see,
I have not brought my specs with me.

Whiskey - that makes you feel so frisky,
Gin - that makes you want to sin.
Vodka - that makes you feel you oughta.
Sauterne - that makes your belly burn.
Vermouth - that makes you feel uncouth.
Bourbon - that makes you feel like chirpin'.
Wine - that makes you feel so fine.
Rum - that makes you feel so dumb.
Rye - that makes you feel so sly.
Brandy - that makes you feel so dandy.
Likker - that makes you ever slicker.
Sherry - that makes you feel so hairy.

DIRTY LIL

Dirty Lil, Dirty Lil,
Lives on top of garbage hill.
Never took a bath!
Never will!
Ach! Ptui! Dirty Lil.

TATOOED LADY
(My Indiana Home)

I married me a tatooed lady,
To roam around her body was a treat,
And every night before retiring,
I'd pull the covers back and take a peek.
Around her waist was Pennsylvania, and on her hip was Tennessee,
And tatooed on her back was dear old Hackensack,
From the state of New Jersey.
Now on her chest was West Virginia,
Through those hills I loved to roam,
But when I saw the moonlight shining on the Wabash,
Then I recognized my Indiana Home.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home,
I'm tired and I want to go to bed,
I had a little drink about an hour ago,
And it went right to my head,
Where ever I may roam,
On land or sea or foam,
You will always hear me singing this song,
Show me the way to go home.

Indicate the way to my abode,
I'm fatigued and I want to retire,
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago,
Wherever I may perambulate,
On land or sea or atmospheric vapors,
You can always hear me crooning this melody,
Indicate the way to my abode.

RIO, RIO, RIO

Laid her in her father's hall,
Spread her ass from hall to hall,
Shoved it up into her gall,
With my old organ grinder.

CHORUS: Rio, Rio, Rio, Rio, Jesus Christ, How I feel,
Fresh from a whore house, prick full of steel.

Fucked her in her father's bed,
Shoved it up into her head,
Fucked that girl till she was dead,
With my old organ grinder.

Followed her to the burial ground,
Just to go another round,
Fucked her they lowered her down,
With my old organ grinder.

Some folks say I am a knave,
Say that I do not behave,
Cause I jacked off on her grave,
With my old organ grinder.

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN

The maid of the mountain,
She pisses like a little fountain,
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo,
Hang down to her knees.

One black one, one white one,
And one with a little shit on,
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo,
Hang down to her knees.

There's a red one, there's a cherry one,
There's one with a dingle-berry on,
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo,
Hang down to her knees.

I've been there, I've seen it,
I've been right between it,
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo,
Hang down to her knees.

I've smelt it, I've felt it,
And it feels just like velvet,
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo,
Hang down to her knees.

I've tangled, I've dangled,
I've fucking near got strangled,
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo,
Hang down to her knees.

BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

There was a man, he was no good,
He took a girlie in the wood,
He flies mustangs.
Then he took off all her clothes,
And her shoes, and her hose,
He flies mustangs.
He took her where nobody else could find her,
Took a string and tied her hands behind her,
Walked away and began to sing,
Began to sing, ting-a-ling,
Mustangs, I fly.

LILLY FROM PICADILLY

Oh, I took a trip to London to look around the town,
When I got to Picadilly, the sun was going down,
I've never seen such darkness, the night was black as pitch,
When suddenly, in front of me, I thought I saw a witch.

CHORUS: Oh, it was Lilly, from Picadilly,
You know the one I mean, the one I mean,
I'll spend each payday, that's my hey, hey day,
With Lilly, my blackout queen.

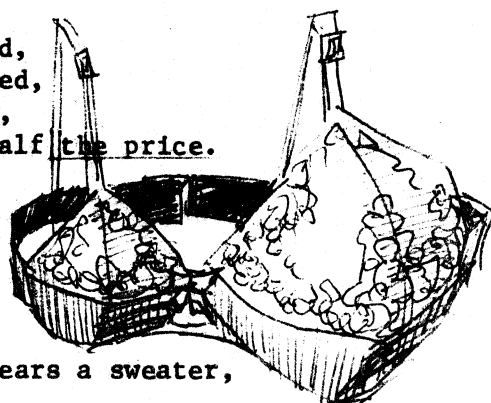
Oh, I couldn't see her figure, I couldn't see her face,
But if I ever meet her, I'll know her anyplace,
I couldn't tell if she were blonde or a dark brunette,
But, gosh oh gee, did she give me a thrill I won't forget.

She said to me, "Oh, Yankee boy, are you lonesome, are you blue?
Just step around the corner, I'll show you ~~what~~ I'll do."
We went up some dark alley, I said, "I love you, kid."
She said, "Okay, but first you pay," so I gave her twenty quid.

She leaned her back against the wall, I took her in my arms,
She gave to me her very all, and all her buxom charms,
I lost my head, I lost my heart, I even lost my hat,
It was a shame, she should have been a circus acrobat.

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed,
She was so very pleasant, I said some day we'd wed,
She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice,
Why, what she did for twenty quid was cheap at half ~~the~~ price.

FALSIES IN BRASSIERES



There's nothing can be better than a girl that wears a sweater,
Though she may not be as big as she appears,
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres.

CHORUS: So round -- so firm -- and so fully packed,
You'll find it's really just an act,
Give a girl a Bally bra and she will grow--grow--grow.

Now I've made a careful study with the help of my best buddy,
And a hundred thousand women volunteers,
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres.

So fellows, before you wed her, please investigate her sweater,
Or you'll find your honeymoon will end in tears,
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres.

SPANISH GUITAR

Oh, the first port of call, it was Aden, Aden,
Where the girls wouldn't screw, but we made 'em, made 'em.

CHORUS: Three dollars you pay, for a bang up each way,
And a tune on a Spanish Guitar, plink, plink, plink,
Singing Hi-ziggy-ziggy, fuck a little piggy sideways,
Swish-swish.
My idea of a woman is a big fat whore,
Shit-bang, fuck-stick,
Three dollars you pay, for a bang up each way,
And a tune on a Spanish Guitar, plink, plink, plink.

Oh, the next port of call, it was Boston, Boston,
Where the girls wouldn't screw, but we forced 'em, forced 'em.

Oh, the next port of call, it was Malta, Malta,
Where the girls wouldn't, but oughta, oughta.

Oh, the next port of call, it was Suwon, Suwon,
Where the girls they would do it for two won, two won.

IN THE TALL GRASS

In the tall, tall grass,
Young Mary lay a-sleeping,
When out of the tall grass,
A pilot came a-creeping,
With his long dingle dangle dingling,
Right down to his knee.

Three months have gone by,
Young Mary she grew bolder,
She wished that the pilot,
Would come and do it over,
With his long dangle dingle dangling.

Six months have gone by,
And Mary she grew fatter,
The neighbors did wonder,
Just who had been at her,
With his long dingle dangle dingling.

Nine months have gone by,
And Mary burst asunder,
And out jumped a pilot,
With his 80th number,
With his skoshe dangle dingle dangling,
Right down to his knee.

GIB'S LAMENT

Well today I - strapped my ass in once again,
In the back seat - where I've always been,
I've been riding 'shot' so long that my head is in a spin,
Well today I - strapped my ass in once again.

Well today I - locked on the tanker once again,
Had my head in the scope - where it's always been,
The joinup was cold, we overshot, the best it's even been,
Well today I - locked on the tanker once again.

Well today I - dialed the target in once again,
It was seven miles off - the best it's ever been,
When the bombs came off, I think they hit, very close to Vinh,
Well today I - dialed the target in once again.

Well today I - watched my AC land again,
He was long and hot - the best he's ever been,
When the gear held up, and we rolled out, I unstrapped with a grin,
Well today I - watched my AC land again.

Well today I - made the O-Club bar again,
Had a couple of drinks - must have been close to ten,
If I ever go home, I'll denounce this wicked life of sin,
Well today I - made the O-Club bar again.

FALCON CODES

These codes were developed in SEA as a means of providing more expressive UHF communications without the necessity of resorting to common vulgarity. Of course, they can be used anywhere and at any time. In fact, their potential is quite unlimited ...

- 97 - Fucking
- 98 - Fuck off
- 99 - What the Colonel means is ...
- 100 - Congratulations, you fucked up
- 101 - You've got to be shitting me
- 102 - Get off my fucking back
- 103 - Beats the shit out of me
- 104 - What the fuck, over
- 105 - It's so fucking bad, I can't believe it
- 106 - I hate this fucking place. I really do. I hate this fucking place.
- 107 - This place really sucks
- 108 - Fuck you very much
- 109 - Beautiful, just fucking beautiful
- 110 - That goddamned O'Club
- 111 - Here comes another Lt (or fucking Lt Col)
- 112 - Let me talk to that son of a bitch

113 - Big fucking deal
114 - Get your shit together
115 - You bet your sweet ass
116 - ' S H O R T ', Fuck it
117 - That's a fucking no-no
118 - A heck of a good deal
119 - Shit hot
120 - Be nice
121 - That pussy is really sweet
122 - And then the shit hit the fan
123 - You obviously have me confused with someone who gives a shit
124 - I hate this fucking place so much I could just shit
125 - Goddamned, shit, fuck
126 - Right on
127 - I am the fuckor, you are the fuckee
128 - I could just shit
129 - Roger that
130 - I can't help you, I wasn't here then
131 - Rule one in effect tonight
132 - Oh, yeah
133 - Prove it
134 - Those shit-heads fucked up again
135 - I just blew it
136 - I'll be right back, you lucky bastard
137 - The fucking maid woke me up
138 - The fucking maid didn't wake me up
139 - Your shit is weak
140 - You horny fucker
141 - Fuck the fucking fuckers
142 - Fuck you, a strong letter follows
143 - There's no damned mail again today
144 - Hope to shit in your mess kit
145 - I'm going to blow your shit away
146 - Don't use ignorance as a point of departure and emotions
for a basis of reason
147 - Fuck 5th AF, fuck PACAF, fuck USAF, fuck me
148 - Those fucking operators
149 - Everybody needs a fucking hobby
150 - Happiness is a warm pussy
151 - You eat shit, chase rabbits, and bark at the moon
152 - Balls of fire
153 - Get your ass in gear
154 - Would you mind giving that to me orally
155 - " FIAP " - Fuck it and press
156 - And send a soft copy to PACAF
157 - Can't use it in my business
158 - Kiss my ass
159 - "FARAD" - Fuck a red ass duck
160 - Get laid
161 - Chicken shit
162 - Don't rock the fucking boat
163 - Everything I touch turns to shit
164 - You just stepped on your dick
165 - Fuck it, just fuck it

105

219 - No fucking enemy in his right mind would bomb Wing Headquarters
and end all this fucking confusion
220 - Fraggings adds dignity to what otherwise would be a mere
vulgar monkey fuck
221 - Happiness is a dry fart
222 - Fuck PAX, fuck Base Ops, Fuck me.
223 - Get it done this afternoon even if you have to work all night
224 - If you think I'll sign that, you're fucking crazy
225 - I may be dumb, but I'm not fucking stupid
226 - When I was in Aviation Cadets back in '43 ...
227 - Yea, though I fly thru the valley of death, I fear no evil,
because I'm at 80,000 feet and climbing
228 - Bullllllshit
229 - Bullshit, fucking bullshit
231 - There I was, flat on my back at 20,000...
232 - Did anybody get the license number of that fucking kimchi cab
233 - SHEEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTTT
234 - Yeah, you just keep fucking thinking that
235 - Sa-wa-dee, crap
236 - Yeah, Honey, the pretty blue and yellow one is for the
outstanding job I did at the Times Square recruiting booth...
237 - So you see, Darling, I didn't cheat on you. The Doc says this
drip is a rare form of foot fungus
238 - Where is (Insert "a pilot", "the change to the frag", etc)
when you really need it/one
239 - If you weren't so big, I'd whup your ass
240 - If you think these codes are vulgar and in extremely poor
taste, FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK Y0000000000000000U
15824 - All of the above

